

From the Quarterly Review.

Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and other original Sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Esq. Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.

WHEN in a recent number (Quart. Rev., March, 1844)* we adverted to the light that might be derived from the literary character of Hume from the collection of his correspondence in the hands of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to the difficulty which would probably be found in making sufficient extracts without offending public feeling, we were not aware that the work was then actually in progress, and that an editor had been courageous enough to set himself to the task of compiling a Life of Hume from these authentic materials. It would have been satisfactory for those who want to have the whole truth, if the editor could have said that all the correspondence was placed at his disposal; but as the matter stands, we must be contented with Mr. Burton's assurance that "there is no passage which he felt any inclination to print as being likely to afford interest to the reader, of which the use has been denied him." (*Advertisement*, p. 11.) We cannot attribute any but good intentions to the Royal Society, or its committee, but we doubt the expediency of such half trust. If they were satisfied of Mr. Burton's sense and delicacy, and that he was quite above converting the relics of the dead into instruments for serving unfair purposes of any sort, there should have been no "denial of the use" of any materials which might tend to illustrate his subject. By acting as they have done, these gentlemen have not only made themselves responsible for the perfect propriety of everything which is here printed, but they have left a suspicion of something remaining behind which appeared to them objectionable, but which might throw light on questions that have been mooted and are still interesting. We will not dwell on this matter. After all, the suppressions may be trifling—of coarse expressions or personalities—which, however, might have been safely trusted to the discretion of an editor. But, in reference to a report formerly noticed in this Review, on which Lord Brougham commented in his sketch of Hume, and to which Mr. Burton also alludes in his preface, we cannot but remark that Hume's letters to Dr. Robertson, which were partially used by Dugald Stewart in his life of Robertson, and which must at that time have formed part of the correspondence in the possession of Baron Hume, are not now in the collection submitted to Mr. Burton's examination; nor has this editor found there or elsewhere a single scrap of Robertson's letters to Hume (vol. ii., p. 48.)

We have said that the editor of a life of Hume had a difficult task—difficult in what was to be brought forward, and doubly difficult in what was to be passed over. To reconcile the natural partiality of a biographer for his subject, with the honesty of a true and faithful historian; to avoid all con-

cealment or palliation of errors and false doctrines, while the public eye must not be insulted by their defence; these were the difficulties and dangers that must have been apparent to any one contemplating the task. On the other hand, we can fancy few things more likely to excite the ambition of a young man of letters living in Edinburgh, than the offer of access to a large and hitherto unused store of materials for the biography of David Hume. His life has many points of interest, from the society in which he mixed as well as the peculiarities of his personal character; and his writings are in themselves too remarkable, and have exercised too great an influence on the opinions of mankind, not to be worthy of the most careful and critical study.

On the whole Mr. Burton has, we think, acquitted himself very creditably. We do not always agree with him in his views of moral, social, and political questions; his local prejudices must now and then provoke a smile; his diction, though in general unaffected, and occasionally vigorous, is blemished not seldom by verbosity and clumsiness; but he has the merit of diligence, and carries conviction of his honesty and candor, and we must say, he has performed the most delicate part of his task with a more complete avoidance of offence than we could have thought possible.

As a collection of Hume's papers this book is extremely valuable. It is true that they do not tell us much more of his life, that is, of the events of his life, than we knew before. Yet a biographical sketch written even by the subject of it himself, and penned with all the simplicity and grace which Hume has thrown into his "own life," affords but meagre food for study and reflection, when compared with a collection like this of his letters and journals, and scrap-books, setting forth the dreams and aspirations of the boy, the opinions and feelings, the loves and hatreds, the views of life, the successes and disappointments of the man, all in the fresh colors and of the size and importance that nearness gives.

"David Hume was born at Edinburgh on the 26th of April, 1711." He was the second son of a good gentleman's family, though much too poor to afford anything like a provision for a second son. He perhaps had in him to the last something of the usual pedigree-vanity of the northern *gentil-lâtre*; but he inherited also the best patrimony of Scotch younger children, careful frugality and a proud determination of independence. Whether mainly from the circumstances of the country at that time, which opened few channels for enterprise and the occupation of youth, or from his natural disposition, his talents were not devoted to any active pursuit or profession. In the multitude of his letters and recollections Hume never mentions a school or a teacher of his youth, nor dwells at all upon the time which most men love to look back upon as that which gives a color to their after-life. He gives us to understand only that he was a grave, bookish boy, and that when he had run through the paltry course of academical education which Edinburgh then afforded, he took to philosophize and build castles after his own

* Living Age, No. 3.

device. At sixteen, he writes to a friend a letter which his biographer thinks a very remarkable one:—

"Just now I am entirely confined to myself and library for diversion. Since we parted—

——— *ea sola voluptas,*
Solameque mali—

And indeed to me they are not a small one: for I take no more of them than I please; for I hate task-reading, and I diversify them at pleasure—sometimes a philosopher, sometimes a poet—which change is not unpleasant nor disserviceable neither; for what will more surely engrave upon my mind a Tusculan disputation of Cicero's *De Ægritudine Leniendâ*, than an Eclogue or Georgick of Virgil's? The philosopher's wise man and the poet's husbandman agree in peace of mind, in a liberty and independency on fortune, and contempt of riches, power, and glory. Everything is placid and quiet in both: nothing perturbed or disordered.

At *secura quies, et nescia fallere vita—*
Speluncæ, vivique laci; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somnos
Non absint.

"These lines will, in my opinion, come nothing short of the instruction of the finest sentence in Cicero: and is more to me, as Virgil's life is more the subject of my ambition, being what I can apprehend to be more within my power. For the perfectly wise man, that outbraves fortune, is surely greater than the husbandman who slips by her; and, indeed, this pastoral and Saturnian happiness I have in a great measure come at just now. I live like a king, pretty much by myself, neither full of action nor perturbation—*molles somnos*. This state, however, I can foresee is not to be relied on. My peace of mind is not sufficiently confirmed by philosophy to withstand the blows of Fortune. This greatness and elevation of soul is to be found only in study and contemplation—this can alone teach us to look down on human accidents."—vol. i., p. 14.

Now we do not say that this is a piece of mere affectation, though its being found in draft savors somewhat of a school exercise; for what boy keeps copies of his real confidential letters to his schoolfellows? We allow it may have been a good deal what at the time was passing in the lad's mind; and those day-dreams of poetry and even early attempts at stoicism are not so rare among youths of secluded habits and misdirected education as Mr. Burton supposes. Undoubtedly they are not for good; and with a less vigorous nature of mind or of body, the indulgence would have produced upon Hume its accustomed penalty. But he wanted some of the stuff that goes to the composition of a visionary. From his youth upwards he was devoid alike of passion and imagination, and it needed little effort to give him that control of himself which it was his first object to obtain. His biographer, with all his pains, cannot satisfy himself that he ever felt the least access of love, and all the perturbations of his mind seem to have been never much removed from that equability which he perhaps fancied he had by laudable efforts schooled himself into. He seems to have had no sympathy with rural pursuits and pleasures. His Arcadian longings never passed beyond the study of the Eclogues. "It does not appear from any incident in his life or allusion in his letters that

he had ever really admired a picture or a statue." (vol. ii., p. 134.)

Hume himself tells us he "was seized very early with a passion for literature, which was the ruling passion of his life and a great source of his enjoyments;" but it was not a mere taste for literature in the abstract. He very early set his affections on literary distinction; his craving was—

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come mine own?"

Like a mightier spirit, he assuredly felt "that inward prompting that by labor and intense study, joined with the strong propensity of nature, he might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die." He devoted himself very seriously to study, and at an age when other men are just girding themselves to the fight of life, he was meditating lucubrations in philosophy with which he should one day found a school, and astonish the world. With such a settled scheme in prospect, he successively threw aside the study of the law, to which no doubt his relations had destined him, and the mercantile profession, with a view to which he spent a few months of 1734 (ann. ætat. 23) at Bristol.

His visit to Bristol marks the era of an undated letter to a physician, whom the editor conjectures to have been the eccentric Dr. Cheyne; and it is to the draft of this letter preserved by Hume that we owe the very curious proof that, with all his natural coolness of temperament and acquired composure of mind, the young skeptic had by no means escaped utterly the maladies which overworking the brain usually inflicts on the general physical system:—

"You must know then that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardor natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months; till at last, about the beginning of September, 1729, all my ardor seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch, which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits, when I laid aside my book; and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but

that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper, which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular, which contributed, more than anything, to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceeding useful, when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. * * *

"I now began to take some indulgence to myself; studied moderately, and only when I found my spirits at their highest pitch, leaving off before I was weary, and trifling away the rest of my time in the best manner I could. In this way, I lived with satisfaction enough; and on my return to town next winter found my spirits very much recruited, so that, though they sank under me in the higher flights of genius, yet I was able to make considerable progress in my former designs. I was very regular in my diet and way of life from the beginning, and all that winter made it a constant rule to ride twice, or thrice a week, and walk every day. For these reasons, I expected, when I returned to the country, and could renew my exercise with less interruption, that I would perfectly recover. But in this I was much mistaken; for next summer, about May, 1731, there grew upon me a very ravenous appetite, and as quick a digestion, which I at first took for a good symptom, and was very much surprised to find it bring back a palpitation of heart, which I had felt very little of before. This appetite, however, had an effect very unusual, which was to nourish me extremely; so that in six weeks' time, I passed from the one extreme to the other; and being before tall, lean, and raw-boned, became on a sudden the most sturdy, robust, healthful-like fellow you have seen, with a ruddy complexion and a cheerful countenance. In excuse for my riding, and care of my health, I always said that I was afraid of consumption, which was readily believed by my looks, but now everybody congratulated me upon my thorough recovery. * * *

"Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connexion together. Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity labored under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of

being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience; every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would, had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought, by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order—this I found impracticable for me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

"Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapors, as betwixt vapors and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit, which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain, as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them.

"However this may be, I have not come out of the cloud so well as they commonly tell us they have done, or rather began to despair of ever recovering. To keep myself from being melancholy on so dismal a prospect, my only security was in peevish reflections on the vanity of the world and of all human glory; which, however just sentiments they may be esteemed, I have found can never be sincere, except in those who

are possessed of them. Being sensible that all my philosophy would never make me contented in my present situation, I began to rouse up myself; and being encouraged by instances of recovery from worse degrees of this distemper, as well as by the assurances of my physicians, I began to think of something more effectual than I had hitherto tried. I found, that as there are two things very bad for this distemper, study and idleness, so there are two things very good, business and diversion; and that my whole time was spent betwixt the bad, with little or no share of the good. For this reason I resolved to seek out a more active life; and though I could not quit my pretensions in learning but with my last breath, to lay them aside for some time, in order the more effectually to resume them. Upon examination, I found my choice confined to two kinds of life, that of a travelling governor, and that of a merchant. The first, besides that it is in some respects an idle life, was, I found, unfit for me; and that because from a sedentary and retired way of living, from a bashful temper, and from a narrow fortune, I had been little accustomed to general companies, and had not confidence and knowledge enough of the world to push my fortune, or to be serviceable in that way. I therefore fixed my choice upon a merchant; and having got recommendation to a considerable trader in Bristol, I am just now hastening thither, with a resolution to forget myself, and everything that is past—to engage myself, as far as is possible, in that course of life—and to toss about the world, from one pole to the other, till I leave this distemper behind me.

"As I am come to London in my way to Bristol, I have resolved, if possible to get your advice, though I should take this absurd method of procuring it. All the physicians I have consulted, though very able, could never enter into my distemper; because not being persons of great learning beyond their own profession, they were unacquainted with these motions of the mind. Your fame pointed you out as the properest person to resolve my doubts, and I was determined to have somebody's opinion, which I could rest upon in all the varieties of fears and hopes incident to so lingering a distemper."—p. 31.

What the answer to this letter was, we do not learn, nor even whether it was ever sent. Hume soon fled from Bristol and its ledgers. He had recovered his health—and then spent three years in France, acquiring the language, conversing with the Jesuits of La Flèche, studying the miracles of the Abbé Paris, and composing his "Treatise of Human Nature." "After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737."

His first transaction with a bookseller is characteristic. Among the MSS. to which Mr. Burton has had access is one bearing the following title:

"Articles of agreement, made, concluded, and agreed upon the 26th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord King George the Second,—between David Hume of Lancaster Court of the one part, and John Noone of Cheapside, London, bookseller, of the other part."

"By this very precise document, it is provided that 'the said David Hume shall and will permit and suffer the said John Noone to have, hold, and enjoy, the sole property, benefit, and advantage of printing and publishing the first edition of the

said book, not exceeding one thousand copies thereof.' The author, in return, receives 50*l.*, and twelve bound copies of the book. The transaction is on the whole creditable to the discernment and liberality of Mr. Noone. It may be questioned, whether, in this age, when knowledge has spread so much wider, and money is so much less valuable, it would be easy to find a bookseller, who, on the ground of its internal merits, would give 50*l.* for an edition of a new metaphysical work, by an unknown and young author, born and brought up in a remote part of the empire. These articles refer to the first and second of the three volumes of the 'Treatise of Human Nature;' and they were accordingly published in January, 1739. They include 'Book I. Of the Understanding,' and 'Book II. Of the Passions.'—Vol. i., p. 65.

Hume was twenty-seven—self-educated, or educated by books alone; brought up in solitude; reasoning much with himself; careless of the prejudices of others; full of courage; confident of his powers; with the whole feelings of his nature concentrated in a passion for literary fame. He felt no compunctious visitings at the thought of abolishing a creed and establishing a paradox, but received his fifty pounds, and hoped to startle the world and to become a man of mark. We do not say he wrote contrary to his opinions; but to throw upon the world a book of crude unweighed philosophy, tampering in such perilous matter, is but little less criminal. Hume lived to see something of this, and to regret his juvenile performance. He was anxious that it should be forgotten, and complained of the injustice of judging him by its contents (p. 98.) At the time, however, he was only disappointed that it produced so little sensation. "It fell," he says, "still-born from the press;" but yet he published an additional volume three years afterwards, and was soon called upon for a second edition. It was an unreasonable philosopher who could hope for more success.

Upon this book, which contains the whole essence of Hume's philosophy, announced with the rashness of youth, and all the dogmatism with which he afterwards reproached others, we shall not dwell. We think his biographer is mistaken in calling it "the solitary labor of one mind." It may be so as regards its elaboration and style; but Hume has himself told us of his previous reading, and it would not be difficult to trace his system to its source in those studies. With regard to the principles evolved in the "Treatise," the book is now found only on the shelf of the metaphysician and scholar; and we shall not, we hope, be misunderstood when we venture to regard it as a mere metaphysical exercitation, a speculation probably not intended and certainly not at all calculated to affect human life or conduct. It is in truth a pretty, philosophical puzzle—a clever, dexterous argumentation for what every one feels to be untrue, and the completest proof of which could never alter the conduct upon any cognate or dependant subject. He essays to prove by an examination of the mind that nothing is known, and in a curious circle to demonstrate that nothing has been or can be demonstrated. Such an universal skepticism scarcely can merit serious discussion. However dangerous for shallow dogmatists who took the first propositions, and would not work out the necessary corollary, it is not very apt to mislead sane thinkers, when the facts of revelation and the

doctrines of religion are placed on the same foundation of belief with the knowledge we obtain from the highest human testimony or our own experience, and with the conclusions of mathematical science. The idealist, when he has most successfully argued that we have no proof of the existence of matter, does not the less trust his house on the solid foundation of the earth. The wildest Humeist did not really doubt that Cæsar once lived in Rome—that the sun will rise to-morrow—that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the opposite sides. In all these matters man is satisfied to act upon the knowledge arising from testimony, experience, and mathematical demonstration; and he need not wonder or complain that he has no higher or clearer knowledge of the truths of religion than the highest that his mind is capable of.

The criticism of Hume's "Treatise" in the Review called "The History of the Works of the Learned," is such a mixture of censure and sarcasm, with a prognostication of future fame, that it has been thought to be the joint contribution of two authors. The anecdote of Hume's violent rage on occasion of it, and his attacking the unlucky publisher sword in hand, was not printed till after his death ("London Rev.," v., p. 200.) Mr. Burton disbelieves it, and has brought sufficient reasons for his discredit of so improbable a story. —(p. 111.)

The "Essays, Moral and Political," were published in 1742. "The work," says Hume, "was favorably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued with my mother and brother in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth." He soon, however, removed to Edinburgh, and among his first appearances is an endeavor to obtain the professorship of moral philosophy in that university, about Christmas in 1744. His friends had some influence with the town council, who by a strange arrangement are the patrons, (how would the "heads of houses" like to sit under the direction and patronage of the mayor and aldermen of Oxford?) but the bailies bethought them of the "avisamentum" of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and in April, 1745, appointed another to the vacant chair of Ethics.

Passing over Hume's attendance on Lord Annandale, an unhappy nobleman who, among more serious frenzies, had a rage for literature and fancied a literary "keeper"—a chapter in the philosopher's life which we think has been unnecessarily dwelt upon—and turning with some slight disgust from the bickerings of interested connections and Hume's pertinacious claim of 75*l.* instead of 37*l.* 10*s.*, which he pressed first by the influence of his friends, and then by threats of law;—we come to an event that had much influence on his future life. In 1746 (ann. ætat. 35) he was invited to act as secretary to General St. Clair, who was going in command of an expedition intended for Canada, but ultimately sent "to seek adventures" on the coast of France, and which resulted in the unhappy and ill-managed attempt at Quiberon Bay. "Such a romantic adventure and such a hurry I have not heard of before. The office is very genteel—ten shillings a day, perquisites, and no expenses." —(p. 208.) The general upon whom Hume attended is not known for any feats of arms, but has a distinction of a different kind, and one of which Scotland, with all its caution and alleged coldness, has

furnished other instances. "He was the second son of Henry Lord St. Clair. His elder brother, being engaged in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted by act of parliament. The father left the family estates to General St. Clair, who with a generous devotion to the hereditary principle, conveyed them to his elder brother, on that gentleman obtaining a pardon and a statutory removal of the disabilities of the attainer." —(p. 210.)

On his return from this expedition, of which he left an account or defence in MS., now printed, Hume returned for a time to Ninewells—the ancient seat of his family—in Berwickshire; and his biographer, seeing no traces of his occupation there, fills the gap with a few scraps from his memorandum book, both of prose and verse. A "character," which, not in his hand, but "corrected here and there by him," is suggested to be his own, has the following touches:—

"1. A very good man, the constant purpose of whose life is to do mischief.

"2. Fancies he is disinterested because he substitutes vanity in place of all other passions.

"4. Licentious in his pen, cautious in his words, still more so in his actions.

"7. Exempt from vulgar prejudices, full of his own.

"13. An enthusiast without religion, a philosopher who despairs to attain truth." —(p. 226.)

If this, with other parts of the same exercise, could really be established as at any time Hume's estimate of himself, it would indeed be very curious—and no doubt the article about *vanity* tallies well with an anecdote quoted in our last number from the "Lives of the Lindsays;" but we confess that we cannot but think, if intended for a character of him, it is the work of another; if drawn by himself, it is his estimate of another. The verses we may pass by, with still more unconcern. Most of them are apocryphal, and none of them worth fathering.

In 1748 he was again secretary with General St. Clair, in the mission of espionage to Vienna and Turin. He writes to Oswald:—

"I have got an invitation from General St. Clair, to attend him in his new employment at the court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable, if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me, as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field, and the intrigues of the cabinet, will be requisite, in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment or refuse such offers as these." —(p. 236.)

He wrote a journal of his tour, in letters to his brother, which are chiefly remarkable for the absence of all taste for the beauty of nature or pleasure in the associations of romance. The Rhine was to him no more than any other river. "I

think," he says, "it is as broad as from the foot of your house to the opposite banks of the river." A castle in ruins—Drachenfels or Rolandseck—was not worthy even of notice; a Gothic church was a barbarism; and he has left a letter descriptive of Cologne, in which the cathedral is not named. To be sure, he kissed (figuratively) the native earth of Virgil at Mantua; but Virgil was part of his creed. He is delighted by no charms of scenery, excited by no recollections older than the battle of Dettingen; and yet he travelled up the Rhine and down the Danube; through Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol; by the Lago di Garda to Mantua; through Lombardy to Turin. But from Dan to Beersheba he found all barren.

On his return to Britain in 1749, his mother was dead; but he continued to live at Ninewells till his brother's marriage, two years later, when he turned in his mind various plans for an independent establishment, counting the cost with his accustomed caution. He was now forty. His happy, cheerful nature, and his manly spirit of independence are brought out strikingly in the following letter (June, 1751) to the same friend to whom he confided his earliest dreams of pastoral happiness and philosophy.

"I might perhaps pretend, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not, and should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have 50*l.* a year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near 100*l.* in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independence, good health, a contented humor, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh, and hope I shall be able with these revenues to say with Horace—

*Est bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum
Copia.*

Besides other reasons which determine me to this resolution, I would not go too far away from my sister, who thinks she will soon follow me; and in that case, we shall probably take up house either in Edinburgh, or the neighborhood. And as she (my sister) can join 30*l.* a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer. Dr. Clephane, who has taken up house, is so kind as to offer me a room in it; and two friends in Edinburgh have made me the same offer. But having nothing to ask or solicit at London, I would not remove to so expensive a place: and am resolved to keep clear of all obligations and dependencies, even on those I love the most.

"In fulfilment of the design thus announced, he tells us in his 'own life,' 'In 1751, I removed from the country to the town, the true scene for a man of letters.'"—Vol. i., p. 342.

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think," he says, "it is as broad as from the foot of your house to the opposite banks of the river." A castle in ruins—Drachenfels or Rolandseck—was not worthy even of notice; a Gothic church was a barbarism; and he has left a letter descriptive of Cologne, in which the cathedral is not named. To be sure, he kissed (figuratively) the native earth of Virgil at Mantua; but Virgil was part of his creed. He is delighted by no charms of scenery, excited by no recollections older than the battle of Dettingen; and yet he travelled up the Rhine and down the Danube; through Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol; by the Lago di Garda to Mantua; through Lombardy to Turin. But from Dan to Beersheba he found all barren.

On his return to Britain in 1749, his mother was dead; but he continued to live at Ninewells till his brother's marriage, two years later, when he turned in his mind various plans for an independent establishment, counting the cost with his accustomed caution. He was now forty. His happy, cheerful nature, and his manly spirit of independence are brought out strikingly in the following letter (June, 1751) to the same friend to whom he confided his earliest dreams of pastoral happiness and philosophy.

"I might perhaps pretend, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not, and should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have 50*l.* a year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near 100*l.* in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independence, good health, a contented humor, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh, and hope I shall be able with these revenues to say with Horace—

*Est bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum
Copia.*

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lieve, quite wanting—a considerable admixture of the most eminent clergy of the national church, who then found it not inconsistent with their duties to give some part of their time to general society. The beneficial influence they exercised upon it may be readily understood; but it was by no means greater than the good effects produced upon their own body by mixing on terms of equality and freedom with laymen at least as intelligent as themselves.

The Presbyterian establishment is in not a few respects singular among the churches of Christendom. The incitements of their clergy to study, and its rewards, have, from a very early period at least, been few and mean; and the people, interdicting to the clergy, as they do to women, all scholastic learning, seem to have had a prejudice against any accomplishments in their ministers except those of the pulpit. This brought it about that the establishment, which has in all periods produced as exemplary working pastors and as effective preachers as any, had before Hume's day become remarkable through Europe as "the unlearned church." While this *γερμανοφοβία*, as Warburton called it, prevailed, the only learning of churchmen was a lay learning; and the only prizes in the lottery were the city churches—which benefices were additionally coveted for the chance of holding at the same time a professor's chair in the university. Such combination of ecclesiastical and academical emoluments has within our own time been condemned as interfering with the due discharge of the sacred function: and we believe the practice has been wholly abolished. The results of this *reform* are not yet of course developed. But it so happened, under the old system, that at the time we are speaking of, the clergy of Edinburgh numbered among them some men as eminent as Scotland has produced, in various branches of intellectual exertion. Among these, Principal Robertson the historian, the leader of the dominant (or *Moderate*) party in the Kirk, and Dr. Blair, whose lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres were once much esteemed, though he is now chiefly remembered by his sermons, were favorite, but by no means preëminent members of the society into which Hume was now admitted. It excited some surprise in various quarters then, and continues to do so, that such clergymen should have consented to live on terms of familiar intercourse with one who held and published doctrines like those of Hume. We do not wish to enter into that question on this occasion: if Mr. Burton's work may be relied on as a complete authority, and we know of little in opposition to it on this head, it must be our conclusion that the open and avowed friendship which existed between them, did not at the time and on the spot affect injuriously the professional reputation and influence of those clergymen, who yet were sufficiently exposed to criticism from the conspicuous place they filled, and the violence of church parties at the period.* There

* Robertson had for his coadjutor in his cure the leader of the opposite (or *Highflying*) party of the Kirk. This was Dr. John Erskine, the preacher whom Pleydell took Colonel Mannering to hear on his first visit to Edinburgh—who "had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity." Dr. Erskine was a divine of the most rigid and severe Calvinistic school; and he was also a nobly descended gentleman of the purest truth and honor. Robertson and he were, through life, opposed on all questions of church government and politics; yet they spent their days in the common duties of their ministry

are two letters which throw light upon the forbearance exercised by those men of opposite principles, and with them we will leave the matter, merely observing that Bishop Butler not only exchanged the common civilities of life with Hume after having received his treatise, "but everywhere recommended his moral and political essays." It was not to such men that Hume's metaphysical inquiries could prove dangerous; while the purity of his life commanded respect, and his benevolent and kindly nature (for which we need not appeal to the imagination of Henry Mackenzie and the beautiful story of La Roche) recommended him to their affection. The first of the following extracts is from a letter of Hume (in 1761) to Dr. Blair:—

"Permit me the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned upon any common subject of literature or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession, though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the same satisfaction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would therefore wish, for the future, whenever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborne between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself."—Vol. ii., p. 117.

The next is part of a letter to Hume from Dr. Campbell, the author of a well received and able answer to his "Essay on Miracles:"—

"25th June, 1762.

"The testimony you are pleased to give in favor of my performance, is an honor of which I should be entirely unworthy, were I not sensible of the uncommon generosity you have shown in giving it. Ever since I was acquainted with your works, your talents as a writer have, notwithstanding some differences in abstract principles, extorted from me the highest veneration. But I could scarce have thought that, in spite of differences of a more interesting nature, even such as regards morals and religion, you could ever force me to love and honor you as a man. Yet no religious prejudices (as you would probably term them) can hinder me from doing justice to that goodness and candor which appear in every line of your letter.

"There is in all controversy a struggle for victory, which I may say compels one to take every fair advantage that either the sentiments or the words of an antagonist present him with. But the appearances of asperity or raillery, which one will be thereby necessarily drawn into, ought not to be construed as in the least affecting the habitual good opinion, or even the high esteem, which the writer may nevertheless entertain of his adversary."—p. 119.

It is more pleasing to look on this society in another light. Hume's success in letters was the beginning of the brilliant period of Edinburgh literature. Before him no Scotchman had done anything to redeem his country from the provincialism into which the union had cast it. He had set his ambition on two roads of literary distinction, and

with mutual respect, and Erskine lived to preach a funeral sermon bearing testimony to the high merit of his friend, colleague, and rival.

he was eminently successful in both. He was followed in his philosophical career by his friend Adam Ferguson; and, with greater influence and fame, by their common friend Adam Smith. Robertson for a season divided the opinions of the world with Hume in the field of history; and a swarm of lesser aspirants were cherished into life by their success. To all these ardent sons of letters Hume was the kind and generous encourager. There was no petty jealousy in his nature. He not only supported Blacklock, the poor blind poet, and John Home, the author of "Douglas," but he took pleasure and gloried in each new success of friends whom he felt to be no mean rivals in his own walk; and he lived on terms of entire confidence and the most playful intimacy with men whose names and works will live as long as his. When Robertson was preferred for the office of Historiographer, with a salary which then would have fulfilled Hume's utmost ambition, he gave way to no envious complainings. We learn from a note of Dr. Carlyle,* that "Honest David Hume, with a heart of all others that rejoices most at the prosperity of his friends, was certainly a little hurt with this last honor conferred on Robertson," (vol. ii., p. 164.) There are too few instances of such society to pass this over without notice. Hume writes to Robertson (1758) on the publication of his "History of Scotland:"—

"I am diverting myself with the notion how much you will profit by the applause of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been such fools as to have given way to jealousy, to have entertained animosity and malignity against each other, and to have rent all our acquaintance into parties, what a noble amusement we should have exhibited to the blockheads, which now they are likely to be disappointed of! All the people whose friendship or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleased with the success of both, as we will be with that of each other."—Vol. ii., p. 49.

We heartily agree with our author—"There is no passage in literary history, perhaps, more truly dignified than the perfect cordiality and sincere interchange of services between two men whose claims on the admiration of the world came in so close competition with each other." (Vol. ii., p. 42.)

Even the philosophical party most opposed to Hume were won by his placid and courteous reception of their works. Reid, their leader, (a clergyman also, by the way,) acknowledges his "candor and generosity towards an antagonist;" and concludes a remarkable letter, in which he avows himself Hume's "disciple in metaphysics," with the following words:—

"When you have seen the whole of my performance, I shall take it as a very great favor to have your opinion upon it, from which I make no doubt of receiving light, whether I receive conviction or no. Your friendly adversaries, Drs. Camp-

*Our readers will find some information about this gentleman, the once celebrated minister of Musselburgh, and most of the other friends of Hume's Edinburgh circle, in the article on "Mackenzie's Life of John Home," contributed by Sir W. Scott to this Review, (Q. R., vol. xxxvi.,) and now included in his "Miscellaneous Prose Works." Mr. Burton seems to think that Dr. Carlyle's Diary, which Henry Mackenzie had before him when he wrote his account of John Home, has now perished. Much entertainment might have been expected from it—and we hope Mr. Burton is mistaken; but Baron Hume's example may have influenced the witty Doctor's representations.

bell and Gerard, as well as Dr. Gregory, return their compliments to you respectfully. A little philosophical society here, [Aberdeen,] of which all the three are members, is much indebted to you for its entertainment. Your company would, although we are all good Christians, be more acceptable than that of St. Athanasius; and since we cannot have you upon the bench, you are brought oftener than any other man to the bar, accused and defended with great zeal, but without bitterness. If you write no more in morals, politics, or metaphysics, I am afraid we shall be at a loss for subjects."—p. 155.

Hume was now installed in the Advocates' Library, writing, *currente calamo*, his great work. We have noticed the first announcement of the undertaking in a letter of January, 1753—by which time he had done the reign of James I.; and we have the author chanting *jamque opus exegi*, on the 1st of September, 1754, (p. 397.) In so short a space was composed the first volume, and the most important one, of that history which, as he himself pleasantly said—"only displeased all the whigs—and all the Tories—and all the Christians," and which has continued to be read ever since by all the three classes, and by all the world.

Of the merits and faults of Hume's "History of England," of the reasons of its short coming, the causes of its success, and the extent of its influence, perhaps enough has been written; but the subject is interesting, and one or two points, we think, have not been rightly considered.

The earliest of Hume's writings, in his biographer's opinion, is an "Essay on Chivalry," (p. 19,) which is remarkable chiefly for the choice of the subject by a writer who cannot sympathize with or even allow for any of the peculiar feelings on which the whole fabric of chivalry was founded. He could never read Froissart; he despised him; everything of romance was only so much of barbarism. Gothic architecture, the churches and castles of an early time, were monuments of dark superstition and brutal tyranny, in whose history he took no delight. He contemned the people of mediæval Europe, and all their institutions. The clergy were ruthless bigots, or brazen impostors, domineering intriguers, or lazy voluptuaries—the laity fierce and ignorant savages. He saw nothing admirable in man but high-dressed civilization, and he could not even condescend to trace its history and progress to a ruder age. He was, though but a slender classical scholar, a classicist beyond reason and all modern belief. Though he tried to "recover his Greek," he had no idea of any poetry beyond the smooth and high-polished *Æneid*. It is fortunate that Burns came too late to disturb his equanimity. Scott would have driven the philosopher mad. Wilkie's "Epigoniad" (which of our readers has tried to read it?) he considered "full of sublimity and genius," (ii., p. 25.) Writing of Home's first tragedy before he had seen it, he says, "It is very likely to meet with success, and not to deserve it; for the author tells me he is a great admirer of Shakspeare, and never read Racine," (p. 316.) But he found he was mistaken, and he praises "Douglas:"—"The author I thought had corrupted his taste by the imitation of Shakspeare, whom he ought only to have admired. But he has composed a new tragedy on the subject of invention, and here he appears a true disciple of Sophocles and Racine. I hope in time he will vindicate the English stage from the reproach

of barbarism." (p. 392.) It is in this insensibility to the feelings and motives of a rude though vigorous age we can trace one principal cause of the failure of Hume's "History," especially of the early period. Mr. Burton gives us his own "character of a complete history," (vol. ii., pp. 123-7,) not the best part of the editor's lucubrations. He rests much on the incompatibility of minute antiquarian research with the higher duty of an historian. We think him mistaken; but if all the necessary materials had been collected to his hand, and he had used them all, Hume could not have written a satisfactory history of the earlier times of England. He might have emptied the whole Saxon Chronicle and Domesday into his volumes, and crowded his margins with Palgrave and Thorpe; he could never have produced a fitting history of old England. The man who looked upon the introduction of Christianity as a monkish juggle, who could trace nothing of the sturdy English character to the Anglo-Saxon institutions, to whose eyes all bishops and priests were but fat encumberers of the soil, and knights and heralds brought up no image but of violence and rapine, could never have handled well the old "History of England," under whatever rule, be it Saxon, Norman, or Plantagenet. He could not sympathize with the past—he did not think it worth while even to try to understand it.

But now comes the more difficult question of the cause of so much misrepresentation in the "History of the Stuarts." Here was a time of sufficient civilization—a war of fine principles for choice. Royalty and loyalty on the one hand—freedom and the commons on the other. Then why has Hume in some respects failed? Why was the first philosophical historian of modern times a partial one? It appears to us there are several concurring causes. In the middle of last century, when Hume wrote, criticism was in its infancy—historical criticism unknown. The weighing of evidence of fact, or calm and dispassionate balancing of party principles, was not yet dreamt of. Historians everywhere were still undisguised partisans. For some time, too, whig or revolution politics, as they were called, had been in the ascendant, and were supported with intemperance and unfairness. The most candid man, applying his mind to history at such a time, might feel inclined to throw his weight into the opposite scale, and consider himself as on the whole serving the cause of justice in furnishing a refined pleading for the depressed party. In painting the royalists, in the great struggle of principles, in their own colors; in giving to loyalty, to love of order, to disgust at fanaticism, that prominence which they really had in the minds of the saner portion of the Cavalier party, Hume was setting forth a part of the truth—contributing something which was then as necessary to the just appreciation of the spirit of the age as if he had applied himself to sifting proofs and examining documents. That in thus writing, however, he neglected the greatest and highest duty of his office—that he left the seat of judgment for the pleader's bar—will not now be denied. He wrote as an advocate, and the opposition his history met with only stimulated his advocacy.

"In this new edition," he writes to Elliot in June, 1763, "I have corrected several mistakes and oversights, which had chiefly proceeded from the plaguy prejudices of whiggism, with which I was too much infected when I began this work.

I corrected some of these mistakes in a former edition: but being resolved to add to this edition the quotations of authorities for the reigns of James I. and Charles I., I was obliged to run over again the most considerable authors who had treated of these reigns; and I happily discovered some more mistakes, which I have now corrected. As I began the History with these two reigns, I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with whig rancor, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honor to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to whiggism. If you still continue to upbraid me, I shall be obliged to retaliate on you, and cry, *Whig vous-même*.

"In page 33, vol. v., you will find a full justification of the impositions laid on by James I. without authority of parliament; in pages 113, 114, 389, a justification of persecuting the Puritans; in page 180, a justification of Charles I. for levying tonnage and poundage without consent of parliament. . . .

"I now justify James II. more explicitly in his exercise of the dispensing power, which was intimately interwoven with the constitution and monarchy."—Vol. ii., pp. 144, 145.

We must admit that Hume only felt half the force of the words he quotes of his Greek master, when he professed to write his History as a *possession forever*.

Another reason remains behind. We believe Hume sat down to plan his History partly as a charming exercitation of his metaphysical mind. He wrote the "History of the Stuarts" with no more sifting of evidence than he bestowed on his "Essay on the Authenticity of Ossian," (vol. ii., p. 36.) It did not enter into his plan to grub out received errors, and establish facts by proof. He chose an interesting hero, as he admonished Robertson to do, (vol. ii., p. 84.) The leading incidents were notorious and popular, as fits the groundwork of a drama, and he went on in a temper and spirit with which his idol Racine might sit down to pen a tragedy. Of minor matters he did not regard so much what was actually fact as what was poetically true. He had a wide canvass, and the outline of a fine subject—

"Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line;"

and if he did not group his figures in the best composition, and throw his lights *secundum artem*, he had himself to blame. There are many who think it is a pity to shake our confidence in Livy's History, when all our school philosophy is founded on his facts. Hume might defend himself so; and had no objection that his History, in like manner, might be considered as "philosophy teaching by examples," though the examples were often ideal. But he says of himself, "a passion for literature was the ruling passion of my life;" and the first point was to achieve a great literary triumph—to produce a finished and perfect historical tragedy that might rival in plot, in *denouement*, in high-wrought interest, as well as in grace and beauty of diction, one of the great works of ancient art. Taking this object as paramount, there cannot be a doubt that the Royalist was the poetical and proper tragic version to adopt; and Hume for the time threw aside his whiggism, which he had not

yet got rid of in real life, as well as his skeptical weighing and examination of principles, and in the idealizing process kept only the figures, and names, and dates, and landmarks of actual events, and threw over them the coloring of the artist, the mist of the magician, where "all was delusion, nought was truth." With these views, taking Charles as the centre of his composition, Hume gave him all the interest he could heap upon him, according to his notions. To have represented him as strict and rigid even to austerity, in religious tenets and observances, as he in later life certainly was, would have lowered him in the philosopher's eye: moreover, it would have interfered with the artistic simplicity of effect, which required the dark side of rebellion to be made darker with unrelieved fanaticism. The oppressions of the law, the illegal extortion of money on the king's side, which every one now admits, are not passed over, nor denied, nor palliated; but by a single dash of the brush, the shadow of the picture is made to cover them so that the eye never rests on them. The iron severity of Strafford, the bigotry and oppression of Laud, the tergiversation of Charles—a deep blemish in a noble nature—all are there, but huddled into the background; while the artist brings into the full blaze of his sunshine the amiable and heroic qualities of the king, the courage and genius of his great minister, and even the prime's zeal and genuine piety, to increase the tragic effect of their sufferings and death. It is done with admirable skill; and the spectator, enchanted with the picture, rejects all criticism against the truth of its facts. The story flows on so sweetly, it is impossible to stop it to ask the impertinent question, "Is it true?"

In this artist skill the historian of the House of Stuart is unrivalled. You can find few false statements or mistakes on matters of any real importance—not many suppressions of fact. You can rarely detect any ingenious sophistry. Praise and blame are duly awarded where merited. But all is made subservient to the "effect" which the great picture must produce to be perfect as a work of art.

It is here that Hume shows his mastery, more than in any perfection of mere style and language; and yet the easy, equal, sustained style of the historian was well suited to his object, and, indolent as he certainly was in many points, this achievement was the result of much study and labor well concealed. It never falls below the dignity and interest of the narrative, and shuns all flights that might distract the attention from the great scene spread before us.

In Hume's time and for long after, (and perhaps it is so still,) no Scotchman wrote English without fear of blunders; and Hume was peculiarly sensitive in this matter. Even when success might have given confidence, his correspondence shows us how careful he was to have the assistance of his English friends for purifying his language of its northern spots and turns. By what discipline could one thus suffering under the irksome dread of provincialism school himself into the easy seeming language of Hume? He has furnished us with no key to this himself. In the dearth of other information, we have looked over the index of his philosophical works to find the authors quoted or referred to. At the same time we know how fallacious it is to rest on such foundations. It is one thing to cite an author and another to have studied his style; and perhaps the man who

is most imbued with the spirit and language of a great writer is least likely to make actual quotations from his page. There are evidently other causes which derange the calculation. The authorities produced must of course often depend more upon the subject in hand than on the familiar reading of the writer; and the author of the essay "On the Populousness of Ancient Nations" was necessarily led by his subject to consult books that might be foreign to his general studies and taste. Still the point is not without interest, and something may be found from such an inquiry. We give it for no more than it is worth.

The index of a common edition of the collected Essays, professing to notice all the authors quoted or remarked upon, gives the names of forty Greek writers, thirty-eight Latin, twenty-eight French, nineteen English, nine Italian. Of the Greek authors, Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch are each cited about thirty times:—Polybius, Xenophon, and Strabo, about half as often:—Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Lucian, each about twelve times;—Plato and Aristotle, each nine times;—Hesiod, Lysias, seven times each; Homer five times; and no other Greek authors so often as these. Of Latin writers, Tacitus is quoted twenty-four times; the elder Pliny, fifteen; Cicero, nineteen; Horace, fourteen; Livy, twelve; Columella, seven; Quintilian and Cæsar, each six; Martial, four; Petronius and Virgil, each thrice; Terence, twice. Of French writers, he cites Fontenelle four times; the Abbé Dubos as often; Racine thrice; Rochefoucault twice; Voltaire and Boileau, each once. Among the Italians, Machiavelli is quoted seven times; Ariosto and Guicciardini, each twice; Boccaccio, once. His English authorities are still more curious. He quotes Bacon and Locke, each seven times; Pope, five times; Swift, thrice; Shakspeare, twice; Bolingbroke, twice; Berkeley, Hutchinson, Addison, Prior, Parnell, each once. He quotes three or four early fathers; two modern theologians; the Bible, the Koran, and Cervantes, each once.

Now undoubtedly, such a list shows extensive research and study; and it would be hard to find an instance where a great array of authorities is used to better account than in the "inquiry regarding the populousness of ancient nations." His correspondence also is full of classical quotations and allusions. There is, however, something in the manner of the references which frequently suggests the idea, that the author consulted his Greek authors in the Latin translations; and there is a small slip of *αιμος*, meaning "blood," in one of his last letters, (ii. p. 504,) which is scarcely consistent with any habitual reading of Greek. He had evidently no familiar acquaintance with the Greek dramatists, probably not more than the French books of belles-lettres supplied. Homer he undoubtedly read in the original, and he loves to quote him even in his familiar letters, but not correctly, and as if he had the book open to make the quotation. Thucydides he must have studied; and he knew how to value the great historian when he pronounces "the first page of his work the commencement of real history." (*Essay on Eloquence*.) He appreciated the clearness and truth of Xenophon and Cæsar; but his admiration was reserved for the mixed historical and romantic biographies of Plutarch, which he recommended to Robertson as a model, and of which he himself at one time meditated a translation, (vol. ii., p. 84.) Hume knew Cicero well. Horace, and still more

Virgil, he often quoted from memory in his letters, supplying or altering as he best could. He probably read Latin with sufficient ease—but it is evident that he had never studied the language with any sort of care.* As for English, it would seem that Hume scarcely studied in that language, except when the subject on which he was engaged compelled him, or read its authors for his pleasure. He certainly drew none of his language from the "pure well of English undefiled." The Bible, the best book for the study of the present English tongue, he was not likely to dwell upon. Shakspeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were barbarous, neglecting the unities and so forth; Milton, though learned in all the learning of the classics, was no classicist, and, moreover, was fanatical; the band of writers who first wielded English prose as masters were mostly churchmen, and were indeed in his time generally disregarded or unknown. Bacon he had read, but only for his philosophy. Johnson had not yet directed the student of English composition to give his days and nights to Addison; and though Robertson was never weary of poring over Swift, it may be doubted if Hume could appreciate the most idiomatic of modern English styles. He chose his models and his rules elsewhere. He studied the Parisian writers on criticism and belles-lettres; followed Boileau and his school; affected to rave of Sophocles and Racine as near of kin; and, without an intimate knowledge of the languages of the classics, or a heartfelt appreciation of their spirit, still set them up as the ideal objects of his imitation both in form and essence.

It was undoubtedly on those models that he formed his style: but he bestowed upon it no common labor, and brought to the study no common qualifications. Clear good sense, an admirable precision of thought and reasoning, gave a similar precision and transparency of diction: a remarkable simplicity of mind, joined to a quick sense of the ridiculous, guarded him against attempting too high a flight. These qualities of his nature, with a never-ceasing watchfulness of his words,† enabled him to produce a narrative which, without the gracefulness of native and racy English, has the great merit of expressing his sense clearly and simply, and, by a wonderful art, leading us to forget the writer and the language under the fascination of his story. There is no greater triumph in this department, but it is the victory of thinking rather than of writing.

Much as we should wish to keep company with Hume in the society of his Edinburgh friends, we should be unreasonable to expect it. The resi-

*One specimen of verse, when Hume was forty-five, may suffice. It must have been a strange ear that allowed this mangling of an Ovidian hexameter.

Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora musæ.—(ii, p. 20.)

‡The grammar is worthy of the quantity. He plainly intended *caluerant* to mean *heated*, and to govern *pectora*.

†The care of his style appears even in his letters, many of which are preserved in the first draft, and show constant correction where another word or phrase seemed neater than that first chosen. The same practice is met with even in the letters actually sent to his familiars, and—what is not always the case with others—his alterations were always for the better. His style of letter-writing became much easier as he advanced in life, and in his later correspondence he gave up a practice which offends the reader of his (collected) early letters,—repeating the same story, or thought, or play of words—sometimes almost in the same phrase, in several letters, to different friends.

dence at Grignan stops the correspondence of the queen of letter-writers. When Hume is quietly placed among his dearest friends, and busy with his great work, he cannot have much time or occasion for letter-writing. The incident of his quarrel with the learned body of lawyers, whose officer he was, for polluting the shelves of a great public library, in fact the national depository of literature, with the works of Lafontaine and Crebillon, (p. 395,) is ridiculous enough, unless it was a mere pretext for attacking him, when it becomes something worse. But he was able now to stand alone. His works were rising in popularity and price. We find notices of several visits to London in connexion with new editions. He had moved in 1762 from his "tenement" in Riddell's Land to a more spacious house which he bought in St. James' Court—the same flat, as Mr. Burton proves by a legal document, in which Boswell afterwards received Johnson—though Boswell of course did not tell his guest the name of his landlord. In 1763 he wrote to Adam Smith:—"I set up a chaise in May next: and you may be sure a journey to Glasgow will be one of the first I shall undertake." (Vol. ii., p. 148.) In short, he was advancing in the steady progress of an industrious and prudent and most successful literary man, surrounded by friends and all comforts, now playing the bountiful host in his own house to a band of guests such as will never meet again, now enjoying the freedom of the "Poker" club—when the quiet tenor of his days was interrupted by his visit to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford, the English ambassador.

Hume's reception and success in Paris (1764–5–6) were enough to turn almost any head; and they had some effect upon his. His skeptical philosophy, distasteful even then to the general mind of England, was received with universal applause in the circle of encyclopædists. His history had already drawn upon him the volunteered correspondence of the Comtesse de Boufflers, and he was assured of a general welcome. To prepare him the more to enjoy it, he had to contrast it with a decided want of success in London society. He never loved the English; and, in the time of Hume and Lord Bute, North Britons were not popular in the south. He wrote thus bitterly to Elliot:—

"I believe, taking the continent of Europe from Petersburg to Lisbon, and from Bergen to Naples, there is not one who ever heard my name who has not heard of it with advantage, both in point of morals and genius. I do not believe there is one Englishman in fifty who, if he heard I had broke my neck to-night, would be sorry; some, because I am not a whig; some, because I am not a Christian; and all, because I am a Scotsman. Can you seriously talk of my continuing an Englishman? Am I or you an Englishman? Do they not treat with derision our pretensions to that name, and with hatred our *just pretensions to surpass and govern them?*"—Vol. ii., p. 238.

And again, to Dr. Blair:—

"There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris; of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible. If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth

conversing with, are cold and unsocial; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

Thus wrote David Hume of London in 1765—exactly in the most flourishing æra of Boswell's immortal cycle—exactly when Burke, Johnson, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick—not to mention Warburton, and Chesterfield, and Walpole—were in the topmost blaze of their social enjoyment and renown! The "History of the Stuarts" had appeared nine years before.

With these feelings of fierce resentment against English society, it is no wonder that Hume rejoiced in the reception he met with in France. We have seen his early aspirations after literary fame. But he might have attained the highest reputation by his writings, and yet not have satisfied so fully his craving, and come far short of the intoxicating pleasure he now enjoyed. In other times and countries, his works might have given him a passport into the society of authors and reading men. But literature just then was the rage in Paris—above all, the literature of infidelity; and Hume, with his broad face, wide mouth, and expression of imbecility, awkward in manner, speaking English like a Scotchman, and French imperfectly, (p. 270, &c.) found himself instantly courted by all the great as well as the learned, by the leaders of literature and the leaders of fashion alike, by philosophers and peers and princes; above all, caressed and idolized by the most fascinating women in the world, the top of courtly aristocracy of France, and the centre of an aristocracy of letters almost as exclusive.

All this was not the less valued that he knew how rare were such attentions to a stranger. Writing to Blair, (to excuse his not introducing a young Scotchman of rank whom his friend had recommended to him,) he says:—

"It is almost out of the memory of man that any British has been here on a footing of familiarity with the good company except my Lord Holderness, who had a good stock of acquaintance to begin with, speaks the language like a native, has very insinuating manners, was presented under the character of an old secretary of state, and spent, as is said, £10,000 this winter, to obtain that object of vanity. Him, indeed, I met everywhere in the best company: but as to others—lords, earls, marquises, and dukes—they went about to plays, operas, and —. Nobody minded them; they kept company with one another; and it would have been ridiculous to think of bringing them into French company."—Vol. ii., p. 194.

We learn somewhat of Hume's brilliant success and of the feelings it caused in the philosophic breast, from his own letters; and in quoting these we shall avoid as much as we can those previously known. He writes to Blair:—

"The men of letters here are really very agreeable: all of them men of the world, living in entire, or almost entire, harmony among themselves, and quite irreproachable in their morals. It would give you, and Jardine, and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there is not a single deist among them. Those whose persons and conversation I like best, are D'Alembert, Buffon, Marmontel, Diderot, Duclos, Helvetius, and old President Hénault, who, though now decaying,

retains that amiable character which made him once the delight of all France. He had always the best cook and the best company in Paris. But though I know you will laugh at me, as they do, I must confess that I am more carried away from their society than I should be by the great ladies with whom I became acquainted at my first introduction to court, and whom my connections with the English ambassador will not allow me entirely to drop."—Vol. ii., p. 181.

To this letter there is no date. Was David mystifying the reverend doctor? Or had he really been in Paris for more than a few weeks without discovering anything either of infidelity or of lax morality in the circles stereotyped by Grimm?

To Colonel Edmondstone he says, in January, 1764:—

"The good reception I have met with at Paris renders my present course of life, though somewhat too hurried and dissipated, as amusing as I could wish. * * The material point is, (*if anything can be material*;) that I keep my health and humor as entire as I possessed them at five-and-twenty."—Vol. ii., p. 183.

To Blair again he says, in the same month:—

"It is very silly to form distant schemes: but I am fixed at Paris for some time, and, to judge by probabilities, for life. My income would suffice me to live at ease, and a younger brother of the best family would not think himself ill provided for, if he had such a revenue. Lodgings, a coach, and clothes, are all I need; and though I have entered late into this scene of life, I am almost as much at my ease as if I had been educated in it from my infancy.

"I shall indulge myself in a folly which I hope you will make a discreet use of: it is the telling you of an incident which may appear silly, but which gave more pleasure than perhaps any other I had ever met with. I was carried, about six weeks ago, to a masquerade, by Lord Hertford. We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady in a mask came up to me and exclaimed: '*Ha! Mons. Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici à visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnêtetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.*' This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me turned on my personal character, my *naïveté*, and simplicity of manners, the candor and mildness of my disposition, &c.—*Non sunt mihi cornea fibra*. I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said he thought that he had known before upon what footing I stood with the good company of Paris.

"I allow you to communicate this story to Dr. Jardine. I hope it will refute all his idle notions that I have no turn for gallantry and gaiety—that I am on a bad footing with the ladies—that my turn of conversations can never be agreeable to them—that I never can have any pretensions to their favors, &c., &c., &c. A man in vogue will

always have something to pretend to with the fair sex.

"Do you not think it happy for me to retain such a taste for idleness and follies at my years; especially since I have come into a country where the follies are so much more agreeable than elsewhere? I could only wish that some of my old friends were to participate with me of these amusements; though I know none of them that can, on occasion, be so thoroughly idle as myself."—Vol. ii., p. 196.

After the lapse of more than a twelvemonth, he writes thus to Blair:—

"In Paris a man that distinguishes himself in letters meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchess de la Vallière. When I excused myself, on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I accordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Hénault's, but that she would not part with me;—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the dauphin said to him, &c., &c., &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily. You ask me, if they were not very agreeable? I answer—no; neither in expectation, possession, nor recollection. I left that fireside, where you probably sit at present, with the greatest reluctance. After I came to London, my uneasiness, as I heard more of the prepossessions of the French nation in my favor, increased; and nothing would have given me greater joy than any accident that would have broke off my engagements. When I came to Paris, I repented heartily of having entered, at my years, on such a scene; and, as I found that Lord Hertford had entertained a good opinion and good will for Andrew Stuart, I spoke to Wedderburn, in order to contrive expedients for substituting him in my place. Lord Hertford thought for some time that I would lose all patience and would run away from him. But the faculty of speaking French returned gradually to me. I formed many acquaintance and some friendships. All the learned seemed to conspire in showing me instances of regard. The great ladies were not wanting to a man so highly in fashion: and, having now contracted the circle of my acquaintance, I live tolerably at my ease. I have even thoughts of settling at Paris for the rest of my life; but I am sometimes frightened with the idea that it is not a scene suited to the languor of old age. I then think of retiring to a provincial town, or returning to Edinburgh, or — but it is not worth while to form projects about the matter. D'Alembert and I talk very seriously of taking a journey to Italy together; and, if Lord Hertford leave France soon, this journey may probably have place."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

He has plainly schooled himself into moderation, and we might trust his own report as not overstated. But we have his success recorded by other pens not liable to exaggeration; spoken to

by witnesses who laugh at the triumphing hero while they affirm the triumph. Mr. Burton has collected a few passages from contemporaries, of which the following are to our purpose:—

"Ce qu'il y a encore de plaisant, c'est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s'est plu dans leur société. C'est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd—il n'a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes. O que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!"—*Correspondance Littéraire de Grimm*, vol. v., p. 125.

Madame d'Epinay gives us the picture of the fat historian in some charades of the day, cajoled into enacting the part of a sultan, who was to make violent love to two beauties of the seraglio, (the two prettiest women in Paris.) He is on a sofa between them, gazing steadfastly at them—

"Il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que—'Eh bien! mes demoiselles... Eh bien! vous voilà donc... Eh bien! vous voilà... vous voilà ici.' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure sans qu'il pût en sortir."

He was not pressed to play any more; but, says the lady,

"Il n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C'est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu'il joue ici. Malheureusement pour lui, ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique, (car, pour lui, il paraît s'accommoder fort de ce train de vie,) il n'y avait aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu'il y est arrivé: on l'a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l'effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s'est tourné de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s'en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n'est point de fête sans lui."—*Mém. de Mde. d'Epinay*, vol. iii., p. 284.

Horace Walpole writes from Paris:—"Hume is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many parts, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing," (vol. ii., p. 225.) * * * "For Lord Lyttleton, if he would come hither and turn free thinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing that they believe implicitly, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks."—(Vol. ii., p. 226.)

This great and firm success in the most difficult society in the world is not to be accounted for, either by the literary merits of Hume, or in the manner Madame d'Epinay explains it. There might be something in the present want of a "lion." There was much in the admiration of the metaphysician and historian. His skepticism was better still, and, of course, the more valued as coming from benighted England. But, after all, we can well believe that these only gave the needful standing-place. His success subsequently is at all events very much to be attributed to the same qualities that made him the favorite of his little society at home. The "Honest David Hume" of Dr. Carlyle and the Edinburgh club, was the "bon David" of the French salons. His unselfish, kindly nature, the sincerity of his friendships, the goodness of his temper, were the qualities that won him love and esteem everywhere, and in that over-refined society there was a charm in the unaffected

simplicity, and perhaps a little amusement from the very awkwardness of person, manner, and language, of the "*gros et grand philosophe*."

Hume, however, enjoyed his Parisian triumph for two years of unabated brilliancy, and departed amidst the regrets and solicitations to return, of all that was distinguished in French society. He brought with him to England one still greater "lion" than himself.

Rousseau, not so much by reason of his great genius as by dint of a diseased and monstrous vanity, a little persecution, which he courted, an affectation of eccentric simplicity and shunning the public gaze, was in truth at that moment the most famous "lion" in Europe. Hume writes to Blair from Paris:—

"It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favor. As I am supposed to have him in my custody, all the world, especially the great ladies, tease me to be introduced to him. I have had rouseaux thrust into my hand, with earnest applications that I would prevail on him to accept of them. I am persuaded that, were I to open here a subscription with his consent, I should receive £50,000 in a fortnight. The second day after his arrival, he slipped out early in the morning to take a walk in the Luxembourg gardens. The thing was known soon after. I am strongly solicited to prevail on him to take another walk, and then to give warning to my friends. Were the public to be informed, he could not fail to have many thousand spectators. People may talk of ancient Greece as they please; but no nation was ever so fond of genius as this, and no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire and everybody else are quite eclipsed by him.

"I am sensible that my connexions with him add to my importance at present. Even his maid La Vasseur, who is very homely and very awkward, is more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attachment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world."—Vol. ii., p. 299.

In a letter from London he tells Blair, "the philosophers of Paris foretold to me that I could not conduct him to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life in mutual friendship and esteem." (Vol. ii., p. 310.) One of "the philosophers" who foresaw the event was the Baron d'Holbach, who told Hume, as he was leaving Paris, "Vous ne connaissez pas l'homme. Je vous le dis franchement, vous allez réchauffer un serpent dans votre sein." Morellet, to whom we owe the anecdote, adds that, when news of the quarrel arrived three weeks afterwards, none of the party at d'Holbach's table, Grimm, Diderot, Saint Lambert, Helvetius, &c., were at all surprised. (*Morellet, Mém., chap. v.*)

Mr. Burton has passed rapidly over the Rousseau adventures, and though we do not praise him therefore, and think the subject deserved more prominence in a life of Hume, we are compelled to imitate his example. The letters written at the time establish beyond dispute the zealous and delicate sympathy felt by Hume for his unfortunate companion; though they prove also a somewhat excessive resentment at Rousseau's ingratitude. Hume himself has described him as "like a man who was stripped not only of his clothes but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat

with the rude and boisterous elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower world." (Vol. ii., p. 314.) In that morbid sensibility of his nature, lay an abundant punishment for the evils inflicted upon others by the most engrossing and exclusive selfishness and a vanity already nearly approaching to madness.

After Hume's arrival in London he acted for a year as under secretary of state to Mr. Conway, and then retired finally to Edinburgh. "I returned," he says, "in 1769, very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a year,) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease and of seeing the increase of my reputation." How easily he fell back into his old haunts and habits, we learn from a letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot, 16th October, 1769:—

"I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except perhaps a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James' Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me, a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for as to giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition; as thinking it will redound very much to my honor."—Vol. ii., p. 431.

Of the last part of Hume's life there is not much to notice. He found occupation in building a house;—and *St. David's Street*, in the oldest part of the New Town of Edinburgh, is understood to have derived its name as well as its beginning from "le bon David."* He took some interest in public affairs, but much more in the education of his nephews, and the affairs of all his friends. He wrote a friendly review of Henry's praiseworthy attempt at a new fashion of history, and welcomed Gibbon's first volume as likely to redeem the character of the "declining literature of England." He enjoyed life; but made no more efforts. He had run the race and won the prize of his ambition. Like the wedding in the last act of a comedy, the return to Edinburgh with a fortune of £1000 a year and a sufficiency of reputation is the termination of the action. His life had been successful in all its objects beyond his highest expectation, and he could now afford to withdraw. He was "somewhat stricken in years;" fat and addicted to fat living; but he might have taken his mutton and claret for many years, had he not been as

* It appears from Mr. Chambers' "Traditions of Edinburgh," (1825,) that Hume's house was that at the south-west angle of St. Andrew's Square, with the entrance in St. David's Street.

sailed by an insidious, hereditary disease. In his autobiography he tells us, "In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution." He ate his last dinner at "the Poker," on the 8th of December, 1775; made his will on the 4th of January; hailed the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" on the 1st of April; on the 18th he put the last hand to "My Own Life;" towards the end of that month he performed his journey to London and Bath in company with his attached friend John Home; marked the burning down of the taper as accurately as his physicians; continued to write friendly and lively letters; and lived to return to Edinburgh. After his return, on the 20th of August, he wrote to Madame de Boufflers condoling with her on the death of her old lover, the Prince de Conti, and concluding with these words—"I see death approach gradually without any anxiety or regret. I salute you with great affection and regard for the last time." He wrote to Adam Smith on the 23d of August: "I go very fast to decline; and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but unluckily it has in a great measure gone off;" on the same day he told Dr. Cullen, "I am going fast enough to please my enemies, and as easily as my friends could desire;" and on the 25th of August, 1776, he died. Dr. Black writes to Smith the following day, "He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness." Dr. Cullen says to Dr. Hunter, "He was indeed one 'des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant.'" (p. 516.)

Multitudes of all ranks flocked to witness his funeral, though it took place amid heavy rain. According to a former biographer, "The crowd gazed as if they had expected the hearse to have been consumed in livid flames, or encircled with a ray of glory." People bribed the sexton to be admitted to visit his grave, and his brother found it necessary to have it railed in, to protect it from their curiosity. (p. 517.) A circular structure of considerable pretensions was subsequently erected over the spot, on the Calton Hill.

We do not know why Mr. Burton has omitted Adam Smith's evidently unstudied letter, written the day following his friend's death. Its being already well known is no sufficient reason of exclusion in a Life of Hume.

"His temper seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising upon proper occasions acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independence. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humor, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the objects of it. To

his friends who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit."

In Boswell's *Hebridean Journal* (Croker's edition, vol. ii., p. 267) will be found some very just remarks on part of this effusion. At the same time the circumstances and date should be in candor and charity remembered; and surely, even now, looking from the cool distance of almost a century, we can recognize the truth of much of the flattering picture of the devoted and grateful friend. Hume's is one of those characters in which we need not hesitate to trace the effects produced by Christianity upon a mind that did not recognize its divine origin and operation. There were in him many of the gentler virtues which must be fostered by the gracious influence of religion pervading all society, from the training of childhood to the grave. He was free from the errors of conduct which sometimes drive men in desperation to renounce the Deity, as their great opposite. In his general conduct and government of his faculties there was no arrogance nor want of candor. Allowing much for the intoxication of fame, and the seduction of paradox, and the bewitchment of prohibited opinions, we still find it most hard to account for one so clear in intelligence, so blameless in manners, refusing the hope of a world beyond the present—"that he who revered benevolence should, without apparent regret, cease to see it on the throne of the universe."

In perusing these volumes of Mr. Burton's we have not detected many errors of fact, and none that we should have thought it necessary to point out, if the author had not in a few instances gone somewhat out of his way to find them.

We believe there never were two families of Murray styled of Broughton, as Mr. Burton has thought it necessary to inform us in a note, (p. 167.) The only family so designated was seated in Galloway—that of the chevalier's renegade secretary, which we think did not survive him in the legitimate line.

A mistake, proceeding from the same over-anxiety for correctness, occurs in volunteering a correction of a date of Hume's, *Ragley*, which Mr. Burton thinks should be *Hagley*, the seat of Lord Lyttleton, (vol. ii., p. 419.) It does not appear that Hume ever visited Lyttleton; but this letter was written in 1768, when Hume was under-secretary to Lord Hertford's brother, Mr. Conway; and *Ragley*, in Warwickshire, was then, as now, a principal mansion of the Hertford family.

When Millar wanted to engrave a portrait for the History, Hume offered to sit to "Ferguson," (ii., p. 409;) whereupon the editor again goes out of his way to remark that this artist has not been handed down to posterity by the critics and biographers. The critics may have spared him, but James Ferguson was his own biographer. The self-taught mechanist and astronomer has recorded in his delightful autobiography (prefixed to his

Select Mechanical Exercises,) that he supported himself for several years by painting portraits. They are generally in Indian ink on vellum. We have some of them now before us, mostly Edinburgh professors, very pleasing miniature sketches.

We hope in a second edition Mr. Burton will print entire and by itself Hume's sketch of his own life; and add his account of the Rousseau adventure; also Adam Smith's letter on his death, and some quotations from Bishop Horne and Boswell in connection with it.

We have already expressed our opinion of the manner in which the editor has executed in general his difficult task. If we had room we should like to call attention to some passages of his own writing. There is in particular a manly, cheerful tone in some remarks on the improved condition of literary laborers, which is to us very pleasing (vol. i., pp. 199, 200.) The fact of the general improvement on which he dwells cannot be doubted; though when he selects Fielding, Goldsmith, and Johnson as types and evidences of the comparative infelicity of literary merit in a former age, we cannot compliment him on the choice of two at least of those instances: for in them surely illustrious talents and most amiable moral qualities too were combined with weaknesses and irregularities of conduct which, in any age, would be found incompatible with the attainment of solid independence by mere literary means.

Mr. Burton has, as might be expected, his share of the doctrines of the modern Edinburgh school, political and economical—but we are not thereby tempted to controversy; and conclude with sincerely thanking him for the enjoyment which his zeal, industry, and ability have afforded us.

From the Quarterly Review.

Voyages of Discovery and Research in the Arctic Regions, from the year 1818 to the Present Time.
By Sir JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S. London.
8vo. 1846.*

WE learn from our veteran author's preface to his summary of arctic discovery, that his labors have been directed to two unexceptionable objects: the first, the gratification of the gallant and enduring men whose fame his book is intended to popularize; the second, the instruction of a class of readers who want leisure to digest or means to purchase the costly and voluminous records of the recent achievements of their countrymen in the field of arctic exploration. Although the pages of this journal have followed the successive steps of that discovery with a fidelity which may be considered to have exhausted the subject for such purposes as ours, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of a brief notice of our *quondam* colleague's summary. We know, from the testimony of those concerned, that it has given the pleasure it was intended to convey; and, from our own experience, that the quintessence of so many quartos has no ungrateful flavor for those who have in their time devoured and digested the materials from which it has been distilled. With one solitary exception, the officers and men concerned in these successive expeditions will feel grateful to the venerable baronet for his simple and compendious abstract of their services. Those perhaps who stand most eminent on the list will most be disposed to a generous feel-

ing of regret that the exception in question could not have been altogether omitted, or at least dismissed with less particular notice. It must, however, be remembered that Sir John Barrow, with respect to Sir John Ross, is in the situation not of a rival or a comrade, but of a parent who has witnessed two attempts at the murder of a favorite child: once like Hercules in the cradle, and afterwards when it had attained a vigorous adolescence. It is clear that if the log of Captain John Ross' first voyage had received on his return a lenient scrutiny on the part of a utilitarian and economical board of admiralty, the western coast of Baffin's Bay would have figured on our charts as a continuous barrier, unless some whaler had discovered and penetrated the Sound from which Captain Ross retreated so abruptly. That retreat and its attempted vindication were hard to put up with in 1818; but it was harder still to hear it maintained in 1834, that no North-West passage could exist, on grounds such as those alleged in the evidence of Sir J. Ross. Sir J. Barrow has had ample revenge. Where, according to Sir J. Ross, "the broad ocean leans against the land" of Bothia Felix, Messrs Dease and Simpson have navigated a continuous sea—without leaping the imagined isthmus—or looking down the descent of fifteen feet measured by Sir J. Ross' theodolite.

For those who wish, at small expense of time or money, to obtain a comprehensive view of the progress and results of our repeated attempts at the two main objects of northern exploration—the attainment of the Pole itself, and the performance of the North-West passage—the present volume leaves little to be desired. To those who, like ourselves, have studied the published accounts, it may still serve, like the index map of an ordnance survey, to facilitate recurrence to particular passages; but to such the portions of most interest will probably be those which convey the ultimate notions of the writer as to the possibilities and probabilities which, after all that has been achieved, still remain subjects for conflicting opinion and discussion. It may seem strange that any civilian should venture to maintain an opinion on a point of arctic navigation adverse to that of Sir Edward Parry. Even the octogenarian ex-secretary of the admiralty, and founder of the Royal Geographical Society, may appear *impar congressus* with the experienced commander of four expeditions—yet, both with reference to the North-West passage and the attainment of the Pole, the civilian stoutly maintains his convictions against the navigator. On the former of these subjects we should be compelled, on a division, to vote with Sir J. Barrow. We are humbly, at least, of opinion with him that the principle of arctic exploration by sea should be all practicable avoidance of the land, instead of navigating between the ice and some continuous line of coast, as suggested by Captain Parry, and illustrated by his advocacy of Prince Regent's Inlet as the best channel for future attempts (see page 269.) We have the benefit of Captain Beaufort's accordance on this subject; and if we were making a book, in the Newmarket sense of the word, we would hazard a bet that if Sir J. Franklin makes his way through Davis' Straits he will have passed either through Wellington Channel or by Melville Island, and not through Regent's Inlet. The discoveries, indeed, of Franklin, Back, Dease, and Simpson, have, since Sir E. Parry conceived the opinion to which he adheres, proved the existence of continuous sea in

* Reprinted as vol. 13 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

this direction; but they all concur in describing the coast as almost without a harbor, and the depth of water along it is only sufficient for boat navigation. The best mode of attempting the Pole itself is another and a distinct question. After the failure of Sir E. Parry's last attempt over the ice, it is scarcely probable that any board of admiralty will so far share that officer's persevering enthusiasm as to renew the attempt in the manner he proposes by directing an expedition to winter at Spitzbergen, and prosecute its further proceedings in April, in the hope of finding fixed and smooth ice, instead of the hummocky and drifting masses which foiled the attempt of 1827. We think, however, that such a plan promises rather better than Sir J. Barrow's vision of a summer sail through his assumed Polar basin, even assisted by the screw propeller.

We dare not indulge in speculation, still less in prophecy, as to the fate and fortunes of those brave men who have again, under Sir J. Franklin, disappeared through Lancaster Sound. Till October at soonest we may be content to know that no tidings of their success can by possibility reach us. After that date our feelings must begin to be those of the king and princess who watched the third disappearance of Schiller's diver. God grant the result may be different! Be it what it may, a more enviable position on the record of human achievement we can hardly conceive than that which will be enjoyed by the leaders in these various expeditions by sea and land. The solitary instance of bloodshed which occurs is one which, so far from defacing the record, positively adorns it by the exhibition of stern resolution coupled with the strictest justice and the purest humanity. The contributions which these voyages afford to our knowledge of the human race, though necessarily limited, have their value. It is satisfactory to know that the better ingredients of man's mingled nature are ubiquitous, and independent of climate and geographical position; that while atmosphere and diet may influence physical conformation, the irrepressible fire of the intellect, the milder glow of the social charities, and the intenser flame of parental affection are frost-proof. To descend a step lower in the scale of creation, even the brute tenants of these icy but not unpeopled wastes present examples of the latter qualities which man cannot contemplate without emotion. If in more genial latitudes he has "learned of the little nautilus to sail," he may also learn of the polar bear and the uncouth walrus not only to shield his offspring from danger, but to stand by his friend in the hour of trouble, and carry off his wounded comrade from the press of battle.

With regard to the heroes themselves of this long and varied Saga of northern adventure, nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordering dinner at Dessin's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the college of surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a

sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into an oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the college who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor. It required something of the elastic temperament, of which the above is an instance in humble life, to call from Italy Sir George Back, who had shared the horrors of Franklin's expedition of 1819, to resume his snow-shoes for another land expedition. What shall we say of Sir John Franklin himself—of that spirit so buoyant still, though youth had fled? We can but pray for this most amiable and excellent man's safe return from the expedition in which he is now engaged.

THE *Constitutionnel* gives the following relative to the mission confided to Mr. Hood at La Plata: "Mr. Hood has received from the French and English governments a special mission and full powers to arrange the affairs of La Plata. At first M. Guizot refused to consent to the power demanded for Mr. Hood; but, after a long correspondence, he at last yielded. From the plan adopted, it is much to be feared that the only persons who will derive any benefit from this mission will be Rosas, Oribe, and Mr. Hood himself. Mr. Hood remained at Montevideo, first as consul of England, and afterwards as consul-general. He was obliged to withdraw immediately after the treaty of October 29, 1840. He went to England, where he did not cease intriguing for six years in favor of his *protégé*. His incessant endeavors in favor of a man who has become the right arm of Rosas, and, like him, sullied with crimes and blood, ought to have opened the eyes of the cabinet of St. James. Let any one who can explain the sympathy of M. Guizot for this bitter enemy of our country. Will M. Guizot deny the facts imputed to Mr. Hood? If necessary, all the city of Montevideo could bear witness to them. M. de Mareuil, whose conduct we have pointed out, has received orders to proceed to Buenos Ayres to assist Mr. Hood. It is even said that the two governments have authorized Mr. Hood, if necessary for the accomplishment of his mission, to disavow the acts of their present agents, particularly in what concerns the navigation of the Parana."

A NOTE FROM THE SHADES.—"Mr. Gray, poet, and author of a little thing entitled, *An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and wishes to know if the subjoined four lines might not be appropriately inscribed on the pedestal of a statue (in biscuit) erected in the matter of the Corn-Laws, to Sir Robert Peel:—

'The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes?'"

Punch, in answer, begs to inform Mr. Gray that he (*Punch*) has submitted the verse to the opinion of Mr. Disraeli, and that crystal-headed legislator pronounces its fitness to be admirable.

From the Athenæum.

Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages in Black and White. Made on the spot by a Wandering Artist. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

THE design of this book is not a bad one. You come to some grim-looking castle, some half-ruined monastery, or some grey-turretted church, the great antiquity of which strikes you at once. You next inquire what historical associations, whether in ancient chronicle or tradition, relate to one of these time-honored relics; and in almost every country, and especially in Switzerland, you are sure to light on characters and events likely to interest the present age. If history be strictly adhered to, you may instruct as well as amuse.

The fair author commences her picturesque historical sketches with Basle. The cathedral was the burial-place of the Empress Anne, (1282,) consort of Rudolph I., the founder of Austrian greatness. The corpse was brought from Vienna; and the ceremonial of interment was as splendid as any lover of fine sights could wish to behold. Yet the exposure of the imperial corpse—not in the coffin, but on a magnificent throne—would seem an odd, and not very agreeable, spectacle in our days. The Bishop of Basle and his clergy thought otherwise; and it cannot be denied that they had precedents enough for the ceremony, which, in some parts of the continent, is not unknown even at this day:—

"All the clergy of his diocese received invitations to be present at this august solemnity; and on Thursday, the 19th of March, 1282, he issued from the gates of the episcopal palace at the head of twelve hundred ecclesiastics, (of whom six were abbots,) priests conventual and secular, each bearing a lighted waxen torch, to meet the funeral cavalcade at some distance from the city gates. The imperial corpse was received at the door of the cathedral, with all the state and ceremony peculiar to papal pomp, by three other bishops awaiting its arrival with a minor host of dignitaries; and from thence (amid the chanting of litanies and the chiming of bells) conveyed into the choir, where the coffin was opened, and the deceased empress was placed upon a magnificent throne, which had been erected on a raised platform, surmounted by a dais or canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Her ladies and the distinguished personages who took a prominent part in the procession, dressed in deep mourning, ranged themselves on either side; whilst the four bishops performed a solemn mass before the awe-stricken multitude, assembled in thousands to witness so strange and appalling a sight. Sumptuous robes of rich silk and velvet enveloped the inanimate form of departed majesty. A veil of white silk floated from her head, and a small but elegant crown of silver gilt rested on her forehead. A collar of gold curiously wrought, containing a rich sapphire and other precious stones, was round her neck; and on the pale fingers of her lifeless hands, crossed over her bosom, glittered many costly gems. When the solemn service for the dead was finished, the body was again re-committed to the coffin, and entombed, amid the weeping of her attendants, in the choir close to that of the young prince Charles."

But the remains of the empress were not to await the sound of the archangel's trump at Basle. Wounded by the reflection that, as the cathedral was no longer Catholic, the bones of her ancestors

were reposing in ground not quite so holy as she could wish, Maria Theresa, in 1771, removed them (there were twelve other coffins besides that of Rudolph's consort) to the Abbey of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest.

"When the tomb of the empress was opened at Basle, the coffin, or rather coffer, being found in too decayed a state to encounter a second journey, the padlocks were removed, and the body carefully transferred to one of solid mahogany, in the presence of the German commissioners and Swiss authorities, to whom a very extraordinary and awful spectacle was then exposed. The whole person of the empress was found in a perfect state, changed only to a deep black—her diadem still rested on her brows, and her golden collar encircled her throat—her royal habiliments preserved their graceful contour—but every hue, every shade of color, had fled."

The imperial ornaments were given to the city of Basle, and were carefully preserved until 1830; when, at the close of the unhappy war between the municipality and the neighboring country, they fell into the hands of parties insensible to their value, who sold them for less than their intrinsic weight in bullion. The necklace was purchased by a jeweller; and an Israelitish pedler rejoiced in possessing the crown. But, alas! the bodies themselves had not yet reached a final resting-place—though dirge and anthem and pomp imperial had celebrated their recommitment to the dust, and a stately monument had arisen to commemorate the piety of Maria Theresa. The revolutionary armies of France approached the abbey; and, to save them from profanation, the late Emperor Francis once more removed them to the vault of the Hapsburg family, in the Capuchin convent at Vienna.

But there is something at Basle deserving of more attention than even the cathedral:—

"The traveller, however brief his sojourn at Basle, cannot fail to remark the solid battlements which crown the opposite shore of the Rhine, and the mass of buildings within, surmounted by a dilapidated church of extremely beautiful architecture: should his curiosity tempt him to cross the fine old bridge which spans the wide and rapid Rhine, and then turn up a dark narrow street to the left, he will find at its extremity the mouldering, but most extensive remains of a religious house, now in part converted into a hospital for invalid soldiers. Mullioned windows, from which hang files of shirts and stockings; Gothic doorways, half blocked up by bricks, and turf, and fagots; fragments of stone, of exquisite workmanship, on which the skilful sculptor had lavished long days of painful labor, profusely scattered over the well-trodden dirty court-yards, tell a lesson of fallen grandeur, and present a picture of bygone splendor not to be mistaken. Reader, that desolate dwelling was once the home of the noblest ladies of Europe! The silent aisles of that deserted church, converted into stables and granaries, yet enclose the dust of princes, nobles, prelates, abbesses, and titled damsels, whose well authenticated gentle blood could alone have procured them the honor of reposing within its hallowed precincts. A society of Dominican nuns were the possessors of this once sacred edifice—here for many centuries their superior reigned in sovereign power, independent of all control but that of the supreme head of the Romish church. What a lesson on the mutability of life—on the

evanescent nature of earthly pomp and worldly grandeur—may be learned from these crumbling ruins! Of all the noble ladies who lived and died within their holy enclosure, not a name, not a trace exists in this their seat of empire."

It is the monastery of Klingenthal to which our attention is directed; and the ruins so well described furnish occasion for the historical sketch of "The Nuns' War." This religious house was founded in 1273, by the Baron of Clingen, under the auspices of the Emperor Rodolph; and its property was greatly augmented by the bequests of nobles in the surrounding provinces, and still more by the money and lands derived from the high-born ladies who assumed the veil in this aristocratic community. For some generations the holy recluses went on as well as other communities. Matins and mass, vespers and even-song, were chanted without interruption; and some portion, no doubt, of the superfluities arising from their ample revenues went to the relief of the poor who appeared at the convent gate. But about the year 1430, the monotony of their existence was agreeably broken by a quarrel with the prior and brotherhood of a Dominican establishment in the same city. The superior of that establishment had always exercised the right of protecting and of visiting the sister community—a right not unaccompanied by substantial advantages. But at the period in question—whether the visitatorial functions were more rigidly exercised, or "the sisters of Klingenthal," confiding in their noble connexions, had become too proud for such a surveillance—a stand was made against the authority of the grey-bearded fathers. When these grumbled at this petticoat rebellion, the gates of the convent were shut against them; and they had the additional mortification of seeing their jurisdiction transferred to the Bishop of Constance, who openly espoused the cause of the nuns. This event proved that the holy ladies were not without spirit. They had vowed to be their own mistresses, and they were so to their hearts' content;—for as to the authority of the distant bishop, it was just none at all. But even had he been near at hand and vigilant, he would scarcely have been equal to the quelling of such high spirits. "Curse these nuns!" cried one testy old visitor (the Abbot of Wettingen,—whose anathema, however, did not apply to the sisters of Klingenthal—"Curse these nuns! I dare not even mention the charges which are brought against them! Why are they not sober and chaste! They have chosen me for their guide because they know that I am a simple, credulous man, and easily deceived!") For some years, however, after the conquest over the Dominican friars, the sisters in question were outwardly decorous; and that they were also internally strict may be assumed from a tragedy which happened in 1466. A young nun, tired of her lot, and seeing no hope of escape save in a *coup-de-main*, set fire to the convent, expecting, amid the confusion of the scene, to slip unperceived away. But, though she had the pleasure of seeing the dormitories, and one at least of the cloisters, in a blaze, attended with as great a hubbub as could well be desired, she was at once suspected by the prioress, and safely guarded in the church until the fire was extinguished. Her guilt soon appeared, and her doom was "a vaulted cell underground, with bread and water for life." Never again was her name mentioned, or the period known when death terminated her sufferings. Her noble birth and

powerful connexions probably saved her from the still more dreadful doom of "*Vade in pace!*" But this austerity, whether real or affected, at length gave way to the natural course of things. Uninterrupted prosperity, with a surveillance merely nominal, was not the best soil for the growth of asceticism. There was first a suspicion; suspicion led to vigilant observation—this to whisper—and whisper to the bold report that the sisters of Klingenthal were "holy no longer." The progress of deterioration is well described by our anonymous author:—

"By one of those singular mysteries in the human heart inexplicable to reason, the nuns seemed to grow strangely more lenient to themselves after they had condemned their hapless sister to so fearful a doom, for seeking to escape from the thralldom of her vows; unless indeed the remembrance of the crime into which her detestation of a cloisteral life led her, determined them to abate its rigors in their own instance. They first ceased to chant their matin and vesper services, and this relaxation from their ancient discipline was gradually followed by many others yet more striking; till at length the sober citizens of Basle were astounded by the open and ostentatious display of their luxury, worldliness, and disregard of the established decorums of a religious calling. The large, heavy, dismal, rumbling vehicle, in which the prioress was wont at Easter, and on other high days and holidays, to move with slow solemn pace from one church or chapel to another, to pay her annual tribute of worship to some particular saint, with two or three subdued-looking sisters, like herself veiled and muffled from head to foot, now rolled briskly through the streets seemingly bent on a very different errand. Their spacious garden, stretching to a considerable extent along the left bank of the Rhine, where each had, in former days, been thankful to cultivate as her sole amusement a little narrow plot, scarcely larger than that sole inheritance which Earth bestows on all her children at their birth, no longer sufficing for air and exercise, they made frequent visits to their conventual lands in the adjacent country. Their repasts in the refectory, if not equal to those served up to the noble ladies of the convent of St. Hildgarde at Zurich, one of whose dainty abbesses was said to have loved so much the roe of the delicate lotte, that after having extinguished the breed in her own lake she was forced to send to Constance and Zug for supplies of this favorite fish; or to the luxurious feasts of the Benedictine monks in Lombardy, whose table so amazed Martin Luther, fresh from German sour *kraut* and black barley bread, that he deemed it his duty to warn them of his intention, on reaching Rome, to report their scandalous gluttony and extravagance to the pope, (for which the good man was within an inch of losing his life, so little did they relish his sincerity or appreciate his concern for their souls;) still they were most *recherché* and abundant, as the loads of fish and fowl, and game and legs of mutton, and buttocks of beef, seen daily entering the side door leading to the ample kitchen amply testified. Then their dress—alas! alas! that even the history of a convent should add its testimony to this besetting sin of woman-kind! The thick white woollen tunics of the Dominican order, with heavy black mantles and coarse linen, were replaced by habiliments made in the same form, but of the finest materials. A narrow braid of glossy hair peeping under the

snowy cambric which descended with symmetrical precision on each side of the face, attested either the forgetfulness or contempt of the fair wearers for the invariable monastic ordinance which prescribes that the hair, solemnly cut off at the ceremony of the profession, shall never more be allowed to grow. Their veils and pelerins were of the most costly cambric—they decorated their fair slender fingers with jewelled rings,

And crosses on their bosom wore,
Which Jews might worship and infidels adore.

Their chaplets of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones often curiously carved, would have vied with those of Louis Quatorze or Anne of Austria; and the quaint and sad apparel of their rule, thus modified by the hand of taste, became rather dignified, imposing, and becoming, than awful or repulsive. But these were minor points of offence—dust in the balance when weighed against other deviations from their vows. The privacy of the cloister was no longer respected—young and noble chevaliers, under the plea of consanguinity or friendship, were to be seen at almost all hours entering the great gates of the monastery, or lounging in the magnificent parlor appropriated to the reception of guests and strangers. Strong suspicion also existed that they had followed the example of Anne of Höwen, late abbess of the noble ladies at Zurich, who, availing herself of an ancient custom which consecrated a sombre season of the year to the enjoyment of the carnival, went disguised through the city with her younger brother Frederick. And as Henry of Höwen, the indulgent Bishop of Constance, under whose pastoral care they had placed themselves in 1431, was the brother of the noble offenders at Zurich, far too mighty for punishment, it is not altogether impossible that the accusation might have some foundation."

If such reports gave scandal to the public at large, they were heard with pleasure by the Dominican fathers of Basle. Now was the time to be revenged on the pert ladies who had openly and scornfully defied them. The reigning pontiff, Sixtus IV., was soon made acquainted with the amours of the nuns; and though he was not exactly the man to throw the first stone at criminals of this class, he directed Jacob of Stubach, provincial of the Dominican order in Alsace, to declare at an end the visitorial power of the Bishop of Constance, to replace the nuns under their former overseers, the vindictive friars, with an authority greatly augmented, and to carry the necessary reform to the utmost extent. With him was associated a stern man, William of Rappolstein, landvogt of Alsace. Attended by a numerous array, the provincial, early in January, 1480, hastened to the convent, and demanded admission in the formidable name of the pope. Of course, the gates were opened; and the dignified visitors admitted to the presence of the prioress, seated in her chair of state, and her twenty-three nuns standing on each side of her. The latter were not prepared for the decisive measures commanded by the holy father of Christendom. They expected, indeed, a reprimand, and perhaps a transference of the visitorial power from the Bishop of Constance to his lordship of Basle. They were soon undeceived, when the venerable provincial commenced the reading of the papal bull. So long as it related merely to the charges against them—

that they, the spouses of Christ, had for many years led a luxurious, dissipated, and ungodly life—they listened with contempt, their eyes speaking defiance to the intruders. But then came a scene:—

"Ere the apostolic letter was half concluded, astonishment and indignation burst in muttered exclamations of resentment so loud as to render the sonorous voice of the provincial almost inaudible; and when he at length reached that part which delivered them unconditionally into the absolute power of the brother preachers, whose partial yoke had been found so galling to the community fifty years before, rage and amazement, overleaping all the boundaries of prudence and propriety, rendered every attempt to conclude it impossible. Whilst the prioress, who had started from her throne in a paroxysm of fury, stood stiff and erect from agonized emotion with some of the elder sisters in the midst of the commissioners, hurling at the brother preachers and senators of Basle threats of vengeance through the instrumentality of the several counts, and barons, and knights with whom they claimed kindred or acquaintance—now taunting them, especially the Dominicans, with divers insulting epithets and insinuations very derogatory to the honor of that reverend body, then declaring that if, as menaced, any attempt should be made to remove them from the convent, they would set fire to it ere their expulsion—the juvenile and more active nuns, aided by youthful limbs and ardent spirits, rushed from the parlor to the vast kitchen, from whence they quickly returned to the scene of action, armed with brushes, spits, tongs, choppers, cleavers—every domestic utensil, in fine, which presented itself to their flashing eyes and eager hands. The provincial of Alsace and his dignified associates, who had probably listened to the injurious reproaches of the prioress and her companions with manly indifference, anticipating perhaps something of the sort, mingled with the sighs, tears, and swoons said to be usual with the fair sex on great occasions of woe or wrong or wrath, were overwhelmed by this sudden and most energetic display of feminine valor: personal safety absorbing all other considerations, with one accord they hastily retreated to the door; made good, not without some difficulty, their way unscathed through the narrow passages and outer courts, till they reached the grand portal, whence they bolted into the street, leaving the papal bull behind them, in company with sundry broad bands, and deep plaited white frills, and ruffles, torn from their necks and hands in the scuffle; some destitute of cloaks, others denuded of hats, and all in a state of the most grievous alarm, shame, and confusion."

Into the details which followed, and which are richly worthy perusal, we cannot enter. We can but glance at the grand results. Spiritual, aided by secular, authority was too much for the nuns; and, with the exception of some half-dozen of the more advanced in years, they chose to quit the convent, and return to the bosom of their noble families, rather than submit to their hated visitors. A new community was brought to supply their places, and their ample possessions seemed lost to them forever. But it was not so. Whatever might have been their faults, they had, at least, been excellent customers to the shopkeepers of Basle: this their successors were not. The friars were parsimonious, and therefore unpopular; and

in a short time the exiled condition of the sisters attracted the sympathy of the citizens. That the successors in question should fail to be liberal, need not to be wondered at—for, in truth, they had not the power. As the title-deeds of many manors—probably most of them—had been cunningly abstracted, and the tenants secretly encouraged to pay no rent, the revenues were fearfully diminished. This stroke of policy was followed by others equally able; until the noble relatives of the exiled recluses openly armed in their behalf, and Basle was invested by formidable armed bands. This demonstration was as fatal to the citizens, whose commerce it destroyed, as it was favorable to the nuns, whose letters and intrigues at length enlisted in their favor the mighty of the earth, whether ecclesiastic or secular. The end may be easily foreseen. In 1483, they were restored to their convent, allowed to choose their own advocates, and indemnified for their losses.

By way of episode—and a romantic though true episode it is—to this history of “The Nuns’ War,” we are presented with the fortunes of one sister; which well deserve our attention, as another proof that truth is often stranger than fiction. We allude to Adelaide, Baroness of Wartz; whose husband was implicated in the murder of the emperor, Albert I., in 1308. He seems to have been unjustly implicated; having, though present at the catastrophe, had no knowledge of the design, and being merely a spectator of the act. That, however, was no justification in the eyes of Albert’s daughter, the implacable Agnes of Hungary. “This princess,” says Pfeffel, (whom our authoress does not cite,) “acquired a melancholy celebrity by her cruel vengeance, not only on her father’s assassins, who all escaped her pursuit, and who ended their days in exile and obscurity, but on their families, friends, and allies, whom she pitilessly sacrificed to the shade of Albert, though they were innocent of complicity in the crime which laid him in the tomb.” The head of the conspirators, Albert’s own nephew, John of Swabia, (whom our author, we know not why, calls *Don John*,) died in misery, at the early age of twenty-five.

“There is also a tradition so popular that it has attained a place in many Swiss annals, that during his wanderings in the wild mountains of the country to which he was born heir, the wretched prince was supported by a young female peasant, to whose industry and ingenuity he owed his preservation for so long a period.—Seventy years afterwards, an aged, poverty-stricken man, of majestic mien, whose silver hair shaded features of great beauty, might be seen in the streets of Vienna: though almost blind, he seldom begged—but at intervals, when he fancied he recognized a face of uncommon benevolence, he would approach, and say in a low voice, ‘Pity the miserable son of the miserable Don John of Swabia.’”

After victims so illustrious, the Baron de Wartz could not hope for favor. He was betrayed by a nobleman, and his fate brings before us the extraordinary attachment of his wife. The following graphic description is painfully interesting:—

“The miserable man was extended on the scaffold, on the point of receiving the first blow, when the horror-stricken crowd, assembled to witness this fearful sight, made way for a female in deep mourning, whose wan pale face, and eager efforts to approach the scene of suffering, overcame all obstacles to her desire. She walked steadily for-

ward, and dropping on her knees implored the executioner to permit her to remain. She was the wife of the victim! Naturally of a gentle retiring nature, the Baroness of Wartz had mingled but little in the haughty court of the Emperor Albert; and after she became a mother she withdrew yet more from its gaieties, though her youth and beauty, high rank, and amiable qualities had ever insured her a distinguished place in its patrician circle. She was residing at the Castle of Balm, a little hamlet in the parish of Gunsperg in Argovia, unconscious of impending evil, when the emperor met his death; and she first learnt the fatal news by seeing her castle invested by armed troops, in search of her husband and brother. Her baby, an infant of twelve months old, asleep in its cradle at her foot, was murdered in her presence by the express order of Agnes, Queen of Hungary, Albert’s daughter, as the child of a regicide; and she was commanded, under penalty of instant death, to declare where her husband had found a shelter. Her paroxysms of fright, astonishment, and grief answered for her ignorance of the dreadful catastrophe; and after leaving a strong escort in the castle, and planting another around it to prevent all possibility of his escape if there concealed, the officer sent on this expedition departed. Adelaide of Wartz had ceased to be a mother, and her affections as a wife nestled yet more strongly in her heart: she had no link to bind her to life but that of wife, none to love but her husband. She deceived the vigilance of her guards, at the risk of her life made her way to the royal château, and, penetrating into the presence of the widowed Empress Elizabeth and her daughter Agnes, threw herself at their feet imploring the life of her husband. Her prayer was sternly refused; she then begged a mitigation of his sufferings—that also was denied; to share his prison—each petition was fiercely rejected; and she was repulsed from the castle to wander around the dungeon which would so soon open to deliver that husband to an ignominious and frightful death. She was present during all the sickening details of his horrible sentence, supporting him through his agonies by the assurance of her unabated attachment, and belief in his innocence; and when the executioner had finished his fatal office, and one by one the silent multitude withdrew as night closed in, she crept under the wheel where he was left to die in lingering torments; the *coup de grace*, or final blow of mercy, by which the sufferings of the victim were usually finished when each limb was broken, having been expressly forbidden. Morning dawned on the miserable pair—Wartz was in the prime of life, of noble athletic form, and though each member was doubly fractured, his vital energy remained. Three nights and three days, without food, without sleep, she watched ‘in the valley of the shadow of death,’ suffering neither ‘the birds of the air to rest on him by day, nor the beasts of the field by night;’ wiping from his dying brow the big drops of anguish that burst from every pore. Nature wrestled long with death; on the third evening he grew too faint to thank her for her love, and as the morning of the fourth day dawned, he died. Her earthly task was accomplished: she rose from her knees, and directed her tottering steps to Klingenthal, whose prioress was the baron’s sister. How she got there she could not tell: she fainted at the portal, and was carried in as an object of charity, so emaciated by famine, so changed by woe, that the

priores for some time had no recollection of her person."

We have devoted so much space to the nuns of Klingenthal, that we have none left for the other chief historic sketches—"The War of the Two Abbots," and "Bertha, Queen of Transjurane Burgundy." Yet they are well worth perusal. They are graphic, animated, interesting; and, though sometimes over-charged by the author's fertile imagination, generally true. She has drunk largely at the springs of chivalric romance; springs which, though fair at a distance, are often muddy enough when nearly examined. She delights in the romantic—sometimes at the sacrifice of probability. At the risk of being charged with skepticism, we must reject the following story of the Countess Ida of Toggenburg, with the ring:—

"The story of the ring is singular. She had placed her jewel case on the deep window-sill of the castle, to dry the outside leather, which had contracted damp. It was open, and a favorite hawk or raven, darting down, seized the ring. Fearful of communicating her loss to so stern a lord, she kept it a secret to all but a few chosen domestics, who were authorized to reward any one who might find it. The young page, unhappily not of the confidential party, picked it up at a great distance from the castle, and, showing it to another page, boasted that it was the gift of a lady. The baron heard the vain boast, desired to see the ring, recognized it for the one presented by himself to his wife on their betrothal, rushed into her room, where he found her at the same open window from whence she had lost the ring; and, without a word, threw her down into the woody dell, six hundred feet below! The tardy truth availed not the unhappy youth, whose falsehood caused the ruin of both his lady and himself. Three days afterwards, the innocence of both was made known by the visit of a pedlar, who had seen him pick it up, and had bid a price which the other refused: he came to offer the sum originally demanded. Every search was then made for the countess; but she had, though much bruised, escaped as by a miracle, and withdrawn into a hollow cavern. There she lived four years on wild fruits, birds' eggs, and a little food, from time to time conveyed to her by an aged woman, to whom she communicated her preservation, and whose bounty she repaid by spinning for her in the night. A favorite dog at length discovered her retreat, and the baron went in great pomp to remove her to his castle; but Ida refused to return: and as an atonement for her sufferings, and the death of the page, he allowed her to build a convent, of which she became abbess. The story is well authenticated, and has perhaps served for the basis of many others, founded on the same idea, in after ages."

Amidst the fountains and rivers, the rocks and caves, the ruined castles and monasteries of Helvetia, our author may yet calculate on riches inexhaustible. Whether the two volumes before us are to be followed by others of a kindred nature, we are not informed—but this, we suspect, if her first, will not prove her last effort. She has a pen formed for popularity. Her book will be read with the interest inseparable from truth—however strangely that truth may be sometimes shaded by the creations, or, at any rate, the embellishments, of fancy. No romance was ever more agreeable than these records of personages who once lived, and once influenced the destinies of Swiss society.

OLD FURNITURE FOR SALE.—AUCTION.

LOT 1. *The Seat of War (in India).*—This seat has been very much knocked about, and has scarcely a leg to stand upon. With a little money, however, judiciously laid out, it could be put into immediate repair. It has been carried about for half a century all over India, and is now to be disposed of, as the owners have no further use for it. It is offered to the French government as a seat the best adapted for the standing army in Algiers. With a little French polish, and turning the seat into Morocco, it is an article which will last for years.

LOT 2. *The Glass of Fashion.*—This glass has lost its brilliancy, from having been so frequently looked into. It is best calculated for those persons whose evening's amusements will bear the morning's reflection, as every object viewed through it is seen in a new light. Old beaux and young ladies, residing on the shady side of forty, will find their silver well laid out on this Glass of Fashion.

LOT 3 will be the identical *Tapis* upon which have come all the marriages in high life for the last fifty years.

LOT 4. There is some hope of the Pipe of Peace, which France and England have lately been smoking, being put up for sale, but this depends entirely upon Lord Palmerston being made minister for foreign affairs.

LOT 5. Several Autographs of F.M. the Duke of Wellington, written during the march of intellect, will be also submitted to the amateurs of rare things.

LOT 6. A few Flowers of Rhetoric, and several Figures of Speech, will be handed round the room for the inspection of parliamentary and pot-house orators. The flowers are beautifully cut and dried, and have been preserved in the leaves of Hansard. The figures are well stuffed, and clothed in the strongest language.

LOT 7. The Laurels of Field-Marshal Prince Albert, as reared by him in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, will be shown for the inspection of all military persons who produce their Waterloo medals, and small sprigs will be sold to country gentlemen who hold commissions in Her Majesty's Militia.

LOT 8. The Silver Spoon which Mr. Hudson had in his mouth when he was born, will be put up for competition among railway chairmen.

The Clothes which the Tories ran away with when the Whigs were bathing, will be hung round the room, but will not be sold, as they form part of a collection of unredeemed pledges.

In addition to the above attractions, the celebrated Rod of Iron, which was formerly used in England, has been sent over from Ireland expressly for this sale, and the Rule which Britannia uses in ruling the waves, will be kindly lent by Lord Ellenborough for this exhibition only.—*Punch.*

THE Tribunal of Amsterdam recently declared that the law of January, 1805, which declares that the State shall bring up, at its own charges, the seventh child of every family in which there are already six still living, remains in force in Holland, and condemned the State to pay to a citizen, named Hooglandt, 250 florins (522*l.*) a year until his seventh child shall have attained its 18th year, or during the same period provide for its maintenance and education. This judgment has been confirmed, on appeal, by the Royal Court at the Hague.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby! my poor little one! thou hast come a
wintry flower,
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly
hour;
Thou comest with the snow-drop, and, like that
pretty thing,
The power that called my bud to life, will shield
its blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves, to fold
her safe and warm,
Yet well she bides the blast, and weathers out the
storm;
I shall not long enfold thee thus, not long, but well
I know,
The Everlasting arms, my child, will never let
thee go.

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still, hangs
down her fair young head,
So thine may droop in days to come, when I have
long been dead;
And yet the little snow-drop's safe; from her in-
struction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly,
and the meek!

Yet motherless thou 'lt not be long, not long in
name, my life,
Thy father soon will bring him home, another
fairer wife;
Be loving, dutiful to her, find favor in her sight;
But never, oh my child! forget thine own poor
mother quite!

But who will speak to thee, of her! The grave-
stone at her head
Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of
the dead!
But not a word of all the love, the mighty love for
thee,
That crowded years into an hour of brief eternity!

They 'll put my picture from its place, to fix
another there,
That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so
passing fair!
Some chamber in thy father's house, they 'll let
thee call thy own,
Oh! take it there! to look upon, when thou art
all alone!

To breathe thine early griefs unto, if such assail
my child,
To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not
so mild;
Alas! unconscious little one! thou 'lt never know
that best,
That holiest home on all the earth, a living
mother's breast!

I do repent me now, too late, of each impatient
thought,
That would not let me tarry out, God's leisure as
I ought;
I have been too hasty, peevish, proud, I longed to
go away,
And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not
let me stay!

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I
might have been,

A bride last year, and now to die! and I am scarce
nineteen;
And just, just opening in my heart, a fount of
love, so new,
So deep, could that have run to waste, could that
have failed me too!

The bliss it would have been to see, my daughter
at my side!
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers, in
all its pride!
To deck her with my finest things, with all I've
rich and rare,
To hear it said, how beautiful, and good, as she
is fair!

And then to place the marriage crown upon that
bright young brow,
Oh no! not that! 't is full of thorns! alas! I'm
wandering now,
This weak, weak head, this foolish heart! they 'll
cheat me to the last!
I've been a dreamer all my life, and now, that life
is past.

Thou 'lt have thy father's eyes, my child! oh!
once, how kind they were!
His long black lashes, his own smile, and just
such raven hair!
But here 's a mark, poor innocent, he 'll love thee
for it less,
Like that upon thy mother's cheek, he once was
used to press!

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong, perhaps, when
all's forgot,
But our young love, in memory's mood, he 'll kiss
this very spot!
Oh! then! my dearest, clasp thine arms about his
neck full fast,
And whisper that I blessed his name, and loved
him to the last!

I have heard that little infants, converse by smiles
and signs,
With the guardian band of angels, that round
about them shine!
Unseen by grosser senses, beloved one! dost
thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune
with them now!

And hast thou not one look for me, those little
restless eyes,
Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the while
thy mother dies!
And yet, perhaps, thou art seeking me! expecting
me, my own!
Come, death! and make me to my child, at least,
in spirit known!

SONG OF THE MANNA-GATHERERS.

"This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

COMRADES, haste! the tent's tall shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint: the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste, or ere the third hour glowing
With its eager thirst prevail

O'er the moist pearls, now bestowing
Thymy slope and rushy vale—
Dews celestial,
Left when earthly dews exhale.

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
Glean, not ravening, or in sloth :
To your tent bring all untasted ;—
To thy Father, nothing loth,
Bring thy treasure :
Trust thy God, and keep thy troth.

Trust Him : care not for the morrow ;
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
Wouldst thou store it ?
Ope thine hand, and let it go.

Trust His daily work of wonder,
Wrought in all His people's sight ;
Think on yon high place of thunder,
Think upon the earthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Think, the glory yet is nigh thee,
Power unfelt arrest thine arm,
Love aye watching, to deny thee
Stores abounding to thy harm.
Rich and needy
All are levelled by love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labor
At our harvest in the wild,
For our God and for our neighbor,
Till six times the morn have smiled,
And our vessels
Are with two-fold treasure piled.

For that one, that heavenly morrow,
We may care and toil to-day :
Other thrift is loss and sorrow,
Savings are but thrown away.
Hoarded manna !—
Moths and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unstable
Mars with work the season blest,
We around Thy heaven-sent table
Praise Thee, Lord, with all our best.
Signs prophetic
Fill our week, both toil and rest.

Comrades, what our sires have told us—
Watch and wait, for it will come :
Smiling vale shall soon unfold us
In a new and vernal home :
Earth will feed us
From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright cloud and outstretched hand :
In thy shadow
We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold, adorning

Many a tufted mountain's side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
Oft we hear them
In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
When above our tranquil nest
All our guardian angels hover,
Will our hearts be quite at rest ?
Nay, fair Canaan
Is not heavenly mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
Salem may but see, and die ?
Israel's guide and nurse and feeder
Israel's hope from far must eye,
Then departing
Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall fond fancy trace him,
Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,
Wondering what high powers embrace him,
Where in light he walks above,
Where in silence
Sleeping, hallows heath or grove.

Deepes of blessing are before us :
Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
Morn by morn, obediently,
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It was stated some time ago that a submarine telegraph was to be laid down across the English channel, by which an instantaneous communication could be made from coast to coast. The lords of the admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of this undertaking, have been pleased to approve of the projectors laying down a submarine telegraph across the harbor of Portsmouth, from the house of the admiral, in the dock-yard, to the railway terminus at Gosport. By these means there will be a direct communication from London to the official residence of the port admiral, at Portsmouth, whereas at present the telegraph does not extend beyond the terminus at Gosport, the crossing of the harbor having been hitherto deemed an insurmountable obstacle. The submarine telegraph is to be laid down in the course of the ensuing week, and, if the working of the plan is found to be successful, this mode of telegraphic communication will be adopted in preference to the more exposed one. The telegraph will be conveyed from the terminus to the water-side underground, and, after crossing the harbor, will again be conveyed in a similar manner to the admiralty-house, it being subterranean as well as a submarine telegraph. In a few days after the experiment has been successfully tested at Portsmouth, the submarine telegraph will be laid down across the Straits of Dover, under the sanction of both the English and French governments.—*London Herald.*

A COMING CHANGE IN EUROPE.

THE political grievances of Italy, which have so long arrested the progress of that renowned country, and exposed her to the evils of a discontented population and a suspicious government, may be divided into two classes. The first and greatest is the reluctance or the incapacity of most of the Italian governments to promote the welfare of their dominions. The abuses which are known to exist in the Papal States, in several of the minor principalities, and to some extent in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, are a sufficient cause of the contempt and hatred by which those governments are held by a large portion of their subjects. The courts of Florence and of Turin have indeed already endeavored to distinguish themselves by a less vicious administration and a less illiberal policy. Tuscany and Piedmont, in their present comparatively flourishing condition, are, however, but faint indications of what the Italian states might readily become under the direction of vigorous and enlightened governments. But the weakness and the inefficiency of the national governments of Italy have tended not only to cramp their own resources, and to sacrifice the welfare of their states to the prejudices and fears of an obsolete system of policy, but they have also established and perpetuated the second great grievance of which the Italian patriots complain—namely, the ascendancy of a foreign power south of the Alps, and the domination of an Austrian viceroy, not only in Lombardy, but less directly in every part of the Peninsula. But whatever may be said of the anomaly of an Austrian government in Milan, the results of that government give us no just reason to regret the arrangement made at the Congress of Vienna; and, in comparison with the condition of the southern states of Italy, that of the Milanese territory is highly creditable to the Austrian administration. Milan is now the most stirring and prosperous city in all Italy. Venice has, within the last few years, regained much of that activity which seemed to have quitted her forever; railroads have been commenced on a large and liberal scale; public instruction has been promoted, and the order of the Jesuits has not been reinstated in its colleges. As long as the Austrian administration is one of the best in Italy, the mere passion of political independence will never excite the people to make a serious effort to throw off that form of government.

But we by no means contend that this state of things is to last forever, or that events may not occur and men arise well calculated to promote the regeneration of Italy by very different means from those which have been suggested by the revolutionary party. If, instead of taking their cue from Austria, and holding their dominions almost as fiefs of the empire, the reigning princes of Italy had the spirit and the sagacity to follow a line of national policy of their own, they would have as little to fear from insurrection at home as from foreign invasion. The natural relation in which they might be supposed to stand towards a state like Austria, which occupies so formidable and preponderating a position in their own country, would appear to be, not one of servility and subjection, but of free rivalry. And if this rivalry were directed by able statesmen, not into the channels of political intrigue or military hostility, but into the broad tract of public improvement, the importance of the Italian states would be immeasurably

increased in Europe, and their prosperity and security no less augmented at home. Good government, in one word, on the part of the Italian cabinets, would at once redress the national grievances of the population, and it would tend, more than any other course of policy, to prepare the whole country for an independent administration of its affairs, into which more liberal institutions of state might hereafter be gradually introduced.

It is no longer a secret that these views have for some time past been entertained by two or three of the Italian sovereigns, but by none more than by the illustrious head of the House of Savoy. This ambition of extending its ascendancy by the most legitimate means in the north of Italy has excited the jealousy and the fears of Austria, but it deserves to command the applause of Europe; for the means which the court of Turin appears to be disposed to take in the prosecution of its independent policy are identified with the real interest of the people and of Italy. The governments of Naples and of Piedmont have been amongst the earliest European converts to new principles of mercantile policy. Nor have the sovereigns and princes of these countries, as well as the Grand Duke of Tuscany, been slow to follow in the same track. The Austrian government, on the contrary, provoked by these manifestations of independence, has just imposed a prohibitive duty on the introduction of the wines of Piedmont into Lombardy, and has done all it can to prevent the extension of the Piedmontese railroads.

The immediate effect of these modifications of the policy of the court of Piedmont which appears most to have surprised and displeased the cabinet of Vienna, has been the marked improvement of the relations between that state and the French government. It is one of the chief proofs of the skill and sagacity of M. Guizot's administration of the foreign affairs of France, that he has everywhere succeeded in reviving the most essential portions of the traditional policy of his country, even where it had been in abeyance since the revolution of 1789, or revived, only to be annihilated again by the violence of Napoleon. M. Guizot has labored with great success to restore what may be regarded as the ancient position of France upon the continent of Europe, not by crushing or invading Spain, or by annexing Belgium or Savoy and Piedmont, but by steadily endeavoring to connect those countries by their interests and their policy with the modern policy of the crown of France. In Italy, nothing is more consonant to these historical principles than the foundation of a good understanding between the French government and the House of Savoy. That alliance is connected with the most glorious recollections of the family which reigns in Turin; and without doubt, in the present condition of the Italian states, nothing is better calculated than the support of France, to emancipate them from the tutelage of Austria.

If we were to scrutinize with a searching and a prophetic eye the present condition and the future destinies of that great empire which extends from Semlin to Milan, we should be filled with unwonted and melancholy forebodings as to the trials it may have at no distant period to undergo. A childish emperor, a decaying minister, a bigoted family council, an aristocracy ill-acquainted with its duties and its rights, a peasantry which is in some provinces imbued with the most anti-social doctrines, an unformed middle class, an embarrassed

treasury, and a dissected territory, are things which surround with sinister presages the House of Austria. Her foreign rivals, to the east, to the north, and to the south, are incited to press on in their respective lines of policy by the evident embarrassment and alarm of the cabinet of Vienna. Russia has her designs, more than commenced, upon the Slavonian populations; Prussia has affected to take the lead in the affairs of Germany; and in northern Italy the national competitor for power is to be found in the House of Savoy. With each of these states Austria has formed close alliances, for the purpose of crushing popular movements and checking the advancement of the time; but each of them will prove her formidable rival and opponent whenever it is discovered that the true basis of their power is the national development of their respective dominions.—*Times*.

From the New Orleans Tropic.

SCENES IN THE SUBURBS OF MATAMOROS.

AFTER you get over the ferry, you have an open and picturesque road before you of nearly half a mile to the city of Matamoros. Much to interest presents itself, for everything, to American eyes, is unlike "the familiar road side." The hedge of a small cotton field, now broken down in places, is worthy of attention, for it is characteristic of the fences of the country. There being no timber to split into "rails" the Mexican cannot disfigure the landscape with those awful "worm fences" that so mar our own fields; on the contrary, he plants with some care the thorn bushes and the delicate brush that everywhere grow spontaneously; strengthening them with the trunks of the palm tree.

A thousand vines and wild flowers soon tressel over this "breastwork," binding it together in a solid mass; tropical birds, with gay plumage, bury themselves in its interstices. A Mexican hedge, therefore, soon becomes a formidable defence against a foe, defies the most viciously disposed cattle, offers a shade at noon, and is the place of resort for all the gay, the musical, and the beautiful of the feathered tribe. A large species of black-bird will much attract attention. It seems very tame and familiar; a pair would generally be seen together mounted on some high limb, and performing a series of bowings and contortions truly wonderful to behold, throwing their heads into the air, burying them under their wings, then turning their feathers up with all imaginable roughness, and giving utterance to the strangest varied scream ever heard, the conclusion of which is like the whizzing, crashing sounds made by the breaking off and falling of a heavy limb of a tree. Birds with a pale ashy plumage, and tails resembling those denominated "of Paradise," flitted about, and a miniature dove, not larger in its body than a robin, pecked modestly in the dust—the most beautiful and loveable bird we ever saw.

This hedge led to a poor Mexican farmer's cottage, facing close upon the road, and as it represents its class it is worth examination. The walls of it are made of reed, about three or four inches thick, and ingeniously held together by others running crosswise, not unlike rude basket work. The rafters of the house are made of gigantic reed, thatched securely from admitting the rain, by long salt marsh grass, cut about the mouth of the Rio Grande. There were no windows—two doors, situated on either side, admit all the light and air

the inhabitants indulge in. It was a mere lodging room after all, in rainy weather, for the Mexicans of the poorer classes *live out of doors*, sleep under the shade of their stunted trees, or upon the door steps of their rude houses.

The house is "a mere form," equally enjoyed by hens and chickens, pigs, goats, fleas, and other domestic animals. The "kitchen garden" seemed inviting, though in waste; figs were ripening upon a wilderness of luxuriant trees, pomegranates, with their russet sides, met the eye—tall green corn, of the best quality, waved in the constant breeze, and on the ground, there ripened in modest obscurity squashes that in size seemed to show a near relationship to the succulent pumpkin. In front of the house I noticed a large hole, occasioned by a shot thrown in the bombardment; in the inside of it one of our own troops was sitting very comfortably on a bench, eating hot corn, evidently set before him by a Mexican woman, who, though she did no credit to her sex in the way of personal beauty, seemed to honor it by her hospitality.

Just beyond this thatched house, you are turned off the road by the "Sand-bag-fort battery," a rough work, that afforded protection to three or four pieces of artillery in the bombardment of Fort Brown. The rain had already washed down some parts of the walls, and two or three big-headed mules seemed to hold it in full possession.

The road everywhere is pleasant, and cottages were filling up with "cake and beer shops;" the Americans, like their progenitors "across the waters," must be well fed to fight well, and this characteristic is taken advantage of to the great profit of innumerable hangers-on of the camp. In one of these little shops I found the stock to consist of an empty claret box, a jug of whisky, two tin cups, a few pounds of maple sugar, a pail of Rio Grande water, and a Mexican saddle worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

You now get out of the fields and come into the suburbs of the city; the road takes a sudden turn to the right, and gives you an extended view down one of the streets that leads "way back toward Monterey."—On your left you perceive the tortuous winding of the river, and upon the rolling land are the thousand tents belonging to our army. The tents stretch out before you for miles, until they grow into seeming white spots, like snow balls resting on the bluish sward. Nearer to you is an unfinished powder magazine; the workmen have abandoned it after raising its thick square walls—the ruins of houses are hidden away among the long weeds—a *ranchero* wends his way across the broken field, and two or three soldiers off duty stop him, to hold a long conversation in Irish and English, and Spanish, and although they are entirely unacquainted with each other's language, they seem very familiar and agreeable companions.

A very thick-set, rimmer looking old gentleman, in a linen roundabout, and remarkable for short legs and long body, mounted on a snow-white charger, followed by a mounted dragoon, most perpendicular in his saddle, and covered with trappings, passes by. If you inquire who that is, you will be laughed at, for it's the commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, and he is going over "to consult with several officers," about something he made up his mind should be done "*no lens volens*," a month ago.

Turning up the road into the city, you pass over a very handsomely constructed bridge laid in waterproof cement; it was a public work of the better

days of the Mexican republic; on the other side rise tall trees for the country, giving to it a picturesque and rural appearance; cleverly over it, and you are in the city. On your right is a large brick house of a wealthy citizen, who was a colonel of militia on the 8th and 9th; you are struck with its desolate front; it has not a window or door that is made for comfort or ornament, and those that present themselves are protected by thick heavy batten doors and blinds.

Up high in one corner of the front is something that looks much like a large cage. The cage is the balcony whereon at eve steal forth the females of the family to enjoy the evening air; they are out of the reach of stolen kisses, or letters of love, and Mexican jealousy is somewhat appeased by this arrangement, while the lower part of the house, presenting a bare wall, protects both male and female from the assaults of sudden revolution, of lawless robbers, of plundering soldiery, and thefts of hungry officials; that house speaks a volume of melancholy detail of the social and political condition of Mexico.

"*Hare is de Republica de Rio Grande y amiga de los pueblo*, neu papier, one beet." A newspaper boy for the first time in the Republic of Mexico. He was looked upon by the inhabitants in favor of the old dynasty, as Indians look upon the appearance of bees; it showed that *the white man was coming*. He was an old boy, though young in newspapers, being full sixty years of age, but he does bravely. "*Hare is de Republica*." "Hold on there," cries a "volunteer," "let us have a number." All sad reflections upon the condition of Mexico, suggested by the prison-like appearance of the Mexican colonel's house, pass away, for intelligence had found wings, and those even in Mexico *who run*, can in future read; a new order of things had commenced, and sudden and singular improvements for the better were bound to follow in Matamoros.

From the Spectator.

GENERAL WADDY THOMPSON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.*

GENERAL THOMPSON was sent to Mexico in 1842, as "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary," to effect the release of such citizens of the United States as had joined that Texan overland expedition, for purposes of territorial robbery, of whose well-deserved failure and sufferings Mr. Kendall published an account. The general sailed from New Orleans, and reached Vera Cruz without incident; thence he proceeded to Mexico by diligence, himself on the box, without further incident than daunting some robbers by the display of the arms of the corps diplomatique. On his arrival at the capital, he effected his business in excellent style, as he gives us to understand; and made a good arrangement in reference to some claims on behalf of his government, though the senate disallowed one of his principal items: he also made a single excursion in the vicinity to examine Tezcuco and the pyramids in its neighborhood. In this summary is comprised the story of his journey.

The substance of the book consists of the narrative, expanded by reflections and disquisitions. Sometimes these are spontaneous, and spring naturally from the circumstances—such as remarks

on the cultivation of the country, the laziness of the inhabitants, the manners of the various classes, and the superstitious forms of the Romish church; together with some sketches of public men, and some statistical accounts, useful if correct. At other times they are less akin to the theme, though with an interest from their indications of American character; involving speculations as to what Mexico would be made in the hands of the "free and enlightened"—discussions on the interests of Great Britain to preserve peace between Mexico and the States, lest the export of the precious metals should be suspended—on the inferiority of the Mexican cavalry, and the incapacity of the Mexican army to wage war. Some of the others are remote, and rather dry; with notices and extracts touching Cortes and the early state of Mexico. In fact, the book seems to have been got up with some view to the interest attached to Mexico, and to have been written *currente calamo* from memory. This mode of composition has its advantages; it prevents, as General Thompson remarks, excess of detail: but the subjects should have been observed with reference to future publication, or the observer should have had a more vigorous and racy mind than this writer. General Thompson seems an excellent person, who really wishes to have a higher state of morality than his countrymen; but the chains of "a tyrant majority" are too strong for him. He is ever halting between two opinions; and though professing himself averse to the annexation of Texas and the seizure of California, he does not put his opinions upon any rule of right, but he thinks the United States territory quite large enough.

This national peculiarity is indeed a distinctive feature of the book, and almost the only one it possesses. In Europe, writers vary with their class. The lawyer-author is shrewd, sensible, and worldly, in his observations, and clear if not close in his style: *ceteris paribus*, the medical man is as sensible and penetrating, but not perhaps so tangible, and more professional in his choice of topics: the private gentleman has his distinctive traits in an agreeable but somewhat superficial observation, a less direct tone in his criticisms, and a nice discrimination where anything like personal charge or personal feelings are involved: the diplomatist or other public man has a larger view, a more business-like precision, and a still more guarded style, (with the exception of Lord Londonderry :) and so on through every other kind of writer, whether amateur or professional. The manner, or rather, as Walter Scott said, the no manners, of an American, are always of the same cast. Of course, individual qualities will have their play. The man of vigorous mind will write in a more vigorous style than the feebler-minded person; the rattling go-ahead speculator will strike off a more rapid narrative than the sedate and elderly individual; a man with imagination will display a more florid manner than he who has none; and some traits of vocation will probably peep out, especially in the divine. But there will throughout be a family likeness. We recognize the "free and enlightened," who is less distinguished by having no superiors than by having everybody for an equal—except indeed the blacks; though General Thompson struggles hard for an exception as regards private service.

"The President has a very splendid barouche drawn by four American horses, and I am ashamed to say driven by an American. I can never be-

* Published by Wiley & Putnam.

come reconciled to seeing a Native American performing the offices of a menial servant; but I felt this the more on seeing a foreigner and in a foreign land thus waited on by one of my countrymen. I was more than ever thankful that I lived in that portion of our country where no man is theoretically called a freeman who is not so in fact, in feelings, and in sentiments; no decent Southern American could be induced to drive anybody's coach or clean his shoes. I have no doubt that if the liberties of this country are ever destroyed that they will perish at the ballot-box; men whose menial occupations degrade them in their own self-esteem, and deprive them of the proud consciousness of equality, have no right to vote."

From the general character of our author's reminiscences, coupled with the fact that all he saw, and a good deal more, has been described with greater freshness and vivacity by other writers, they do not furnish much matter for interesting quotation. We will rather address ourselves to the more political parts of the lucubration. Here, in surveying the inside of the Cathedral at Mexico, is a feeling analogous to that which Blucher is said to have more tersely expressed when taken to the top of St. Paul's.

"As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver. This, too, is only the every-day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests and closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must also be remembered, that all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Luis, Potosi, have each a proportionate number of equally gorgeous establishments. It would be the wildest and most random conjecture to attempt an estimate of the amount of the precious metals thus withdrawn from the useful purposes of the currency of the world, and wasted in these barbaric ornaments, as incompatible with good taste as they are with the humility which was the most striking feature in the character of the founder of our religion, whose chosen instruments were the lowly and humble, and who himself regarded as the highest evidence of his divine mission, the fact that 'to the poor the Gospel was preached.' I do not doubt but there is enough of the precious metals in the different churches of Mexico to relieve sensibly the pressure upon the currency of the world, which has resulted from the diminished production of the mines, and the increased quantity which has been appropriated to purposes of luxury."

We believe this estimate of the wealth of the church in Mexico to be much exaggerated; but the fact does not alter the view, although in another place the general thinks no enemy would rob the churches.

The following account of the Mexican cavalry and things in general is from a discussion about their military establishment and its discipline. The lasso, though doubtless absurd in such a battle as Waterloo, might not be altogether so ridiculous in an irregular contest on the prairies or swamps with small bodies of inexperienced infantry.

"I should regard it, [the cavalry,] from the diminutive size of their horses, and the equally diminutive stature and feebleness of their riders, as utterly inefficient against any common infantry. I said so in conversation with Colonel B——n, an officer who had seen some service, and had some reputation. I was not a little amused at his reply. He admitted that squares of infantry were generally impregnable to cavalry, but said it was not so with the Mexican cavalry, that they had one resource by which they never had any difficulty in breaking the square. I was curious to know what this new and important discovery in the art of war was, and waited impatiently the 'push of his one thing,' when to my infinite amusement he replied—the lasso; that the cavalry armed with lassos rode up and threw them over the men forming the squares, and pulled them out, and thus made the breach. I remembered that my old nurse had often got me to sleep when a child by promising to catch me some birds the next day, by putting salt on their tails, which I thought was about as easy an operation as this new discovery of the Mexican colonel. I had read of 'kneeling ranks and charging squadrons,' but this idea of lassoing squadrons was altogether new to me. Bonaparte fought and gained the battle of the Pyramids against the best cavalry in the world, the Mamelukes, entirely in squares. He lost the battle of Waterloo because the British squares were impenetrable to the next best, the French cavalry, during all that long and awful conflict. The idea, however, of the lasso did not occur to the Mamelukes in Egypt, nor to Bonaparte at Waterloo. I was reminded of the equally novel attack of the Chinese upon the English, when they were all formed in battle array, and the Chinese threw somersets at them instead of cannon-balls and shells.

"The Mexican army, and more particularly their cavalry, may do very well to fight each other; but in any conflict with our own or European troops, it would not be a battle but a massacre."

From the Spectator.

DEATH OF MR. HAYDON.

MR. HAYDON, the painter, died by his own hand on Monday, at his house in Burwood Place, Edgware Road. The unfortunate gentleman had suffered from pecuniary difficulties for many years, and recently they had become very pressing. He had expected relief in his present emergency from a source that failed him; and this disappointment preyed upon Mr. Haydon's mind. On Monday morning he rose at an early hour, and went out; but returned at nine o'clock, apparently fatigued with walking. He then wrote a good deal. About ten he entered his painting-room, where he was in the habit of locking himself in when earnestly engaged. He afterwards saw his wife, who was dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire; he embraced her fervently, and then returned to his studio. About a quarter to eleven, Mrs. Haydon and her daughter heard the report of a pistol; but as the troops were exercising in the park, they took little notice of it. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the studio, and beheld her father crouched upon the floor, dead. The inquest that followed disclosed one of the saddest tales ever unfolded before a coroner.

The Jury, under Mr. Wakley's direction, assembled on Wednesday morning, at a tavern near

the residence of the deceased. After they had been sworn they proceeded to view the body. On entering the principal apartment on the first floor, (which was used as a painting room,) a dreadful sight presented itself. Stretched on the floor immediately in front of a colossal picture, ("Alfred the Great and the First British Jury,") on which the unhappy artist appears to have been engaged up to his death, lay the corpse of an aged man, his white hairs saturated with blood, in a pool of which the whole upper portion of the body was lying. The head partially rested upon his right arm; near to which were lying two razors, the one in a case, and the other smeared with blood, half open, by its side. There was also near the same spot a small pocket-pistol, which appeared to have been recently discharged, though it was on half-cock when discovered. The deceased appeared to have fallen in the exact position in which he was seen by the jury. He was dressed with great neatness, in the ordinary attire which he wore while engaged in painting. His throat had a frightful wound extending to nearly seven inches in length; and there was also a perforated bullet-wound in the upper part of the skull over the parietal bone. Everything in the room had been the subject of extraordinary and careful arrangement. Mr. Haydon had placed a portrait of his wife on a small easel immediately facing his large picture. On an adjoining table he had placed his diary, which he kept with much care for many years past. It was open at the concluding page; and the last words he had entered were "God forgive me; Amen!" Packets of letters addressed to several persons, and another document, headed "The last thoughts of Haydon, at half-past ten o'clock, *a. m.*, June 22, 1846," were also placed upon the same table; with a watch, and a prayer-book, open at that portion of the gospel service appropriated to the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

The jury returned to the tavern. The first witness examined was Miss Mary Haydon, the daughter of the deceased; aged sixteen. Her father was sixty years of age in January last. She described the finding of his body on Monday morning, on her entering his studio. She had then just returned from accompanying her mother a short distance on her way to Brixton. She last saw her father alive at ten o'clock on Monday morning. He then looked agitated—more so than usual. She had never known him to make any attempt upon his life before. He was not under medical treatment. Mr. Coroner Wakley asked if he had complained of his head in any way of late? Witness—"Yes; it was very unusual for him to do so, but on Sunday night last he did complain; and during the last two or three days I recollect to have seen him frequently put his hand up to his head." He had not slept well for the last three months. He did not seek medical advice; he did not seem to think it necessary. He was always in the habit of taking his own medicines. The coroner (to the jury)—"Bless me! how extraordinary it is that persons will so neglect themselves. The number of lives annually sacrificed through a neglect of symptoms of this sort is perfectly monstrous." Miss Haydon continued—Mr. Haydon was a man of very temperate habits. "I have noticed that he had a very different expression of countenance during the last three days.—He was very silent during the whole of that period, and apparently absent in his mind. I cannot say that

he tried to avoid meeting the members of his family more than usual." She did not know he possessed a pistol, and thought he might have purchased it when he went out on Monday morning.

Two female servants were examined; but their evidence was only confirmatory of that given by Miss Haydon.

The Reverend Orlando Hyman said he was a stepson of deceased. He observed a great alteration in Mr. Haydon's countenance on Saturday. He was eccentric from his youth; and had latterly become more so. He kept a diary of the principal occurrences of his life. The coroner here produced a large folio manuscript volume, the last diary of the deceased; and he requested Mr. Hyman to mark such passages as might throw any light upon the state of deceased's mind recently—taking care not to disclose any family secrets; these passages Mr. Hyman would read to the jury. After a short interval, Mr. Hyman said he was prepared for the task. He had thought it better to go back to the month of April; at which period the failure of the exhibition of his picture of the "Banishment of Aristides" had affected deceased very much. He had built his hopes on that, and considered it the last thing he could do to extricate himself from his difficulties. He was much attached to his diary, and this was the twenty-sixth volume which he had filled. Mr. Hyman proceeded to read from the diary. The first entry selected ran as follows—

"March 27.—I had my little misgivings to-day on my way to the Egyptian Hall. The horse attached to the cab in which I rode fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me! Yet the same accident occurred before the Cartoon contest."

This entry is succeeded by the following quotation from Canning, in reference to Napoleon—

"All is still but folly: his final destruction can neither be averted nor delayed, and his unseasonable mummeries will but serve to take away all dignity from the drama and render his fall at once terrible and ridiculous."

The next entries read were—

"March 31.—April fool day to-morrow. In putting my letters of invitation to a private view into the post, I let 300 of them fall to the ground. Now for the truth of omens."

"April 4.—The first day of my exhibition being opened, it rained all day; and no one came, Jerrold, Bowring, Fox, Maule, and Hobhouse, excepted. How different would it have been twenty-six years ago—the rain would not have kept them away then."

"Receipts, 1st day,

" 'Christ entering Jerusalem,' 1820.

" 19*l.* 16*s.*

"Receipts, 1st day,

" 'Banishment of Aristides,'

" 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

"In God I trust: Amen."

"April 13.—1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public; but not a shilling more was added to the receipts. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push—they fight—they scream—they faint—they cry 'Help!' and 'Murder!' They see my bills and caravans, but do not read them: their eyes are on them, but their sense is gone. It is an insanity—a *rabies furor*—a dream—of which I would not have believed Englishmen could be guilty. My situation

is now one of peril, more so than when I began 'Solomon' thirty-three years ago. Involved in debt—mortified by the little sympathy which the public displayed towards my best pictures—with several private engagements yet to fulfil, I awoke, as usual, at four o'clock this morning. My mind was immediately filled with the next picture of my series. I felt immediately, 'Is it the whispering of an evil or good spirit?' but believing it to be for good, I called on my Creator, who has led me through the wilderness during forty years, not to desert me at the eleventh hour."

Mr. Hyman explained that the series of pictures which the writer referred to were six large paintings which he intended for the Parliament Palace. Mr. Hyman further stated, in reference to the religious expressions interspersing the diary, that the deceased was a very pious man; and in making his daily entries, generally commenced them with the following prayer—"Oh, God, bless me through the evils of this day!" or a somewhat similar aspiration.

A medical gentleman was now examined as to the cause of death. He said it was loss of blood from the wound in the throat; which must have been inflicted by deceased himself.

Mr. Hyman resumed his extracts from the diary; commencing with an entry made on the 21st of April, in which the unfortunate man had noted down the number of visitors to his own exhibition during one week as 1334, while Tom Thumb's levee during the same period had been attended by 12,000 persons. The coroner inquired whether the deceased had not left a letter addressed to Mrs. Haydon? Mr. Hyman replied that he had, and also one to each of his children. He handed to the coroner a packet containing the letters in question. It was addressed, "To Mrs. Haydon, my dearest love," and sealed in red wax, with his own coat of arms. The coroner desired Mr. Mills, his deputy, to read the letters severally. The first read was addressed to Mrs. Haydon, as follows—

"London, Painting-room, June 22.

"God bless thee, dearest love! Pardon this last pang! Many thou hast suffered from me! God bless thee in dear widowhood; I hope Sir Robert Peel will consider that I have earned a pension for thee. A thousand kisses.

"Thy dear husband and love to the last,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"Give dear Mary 10*l.*, and dear Frank 10*l.*; the rest for your dear self of the balance from Sir Robert's 50*l.*

"Mrs. Haydon."

The next letter was addressed to his son Frederick—

"God bless thee, Frederick, and render thee an honor to this country.

"Thy affectionate father, B. R. HAYDON.

"To Mr. Frederick Haydon, R. N."

The next was to his son Frank—

"God bless thee, dear Frank; continue in virtue and honest doing.

"God bless thee. Thy affectionate father,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"To Mr. Frank Haydon."

This was to his daughter—

"God bless thee, my dearest daughter Mary; continue the dear good innocent girl thou hast

ever been, and love thy dear mother forever. Be pious, and trust in God.

"Thy affectionate father, B. R. HAYDON.

"To Miss Mary Haydon."

Mr. Hyman returned to the diary, and read the following extracts—

"May 4.—I have just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I have called on the writer, who is an amiable man, and has promised to give me time. I came home under mingled feelings of sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation, and sat down to my palette under an irritable influence. My brain became confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison before me. I went on with my picture, and rejoiced inwardly at its effects; but my brain harassed and confused. Fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour: I awoke cold—the fire out—and went again to my picture."

"May 14.—This day forty-two years I left my native Plymouth for London. I have closed my exhibition with a loss of 111*l.* No one can accuse me of showing less talent or energy than twenty years ago.

"May 21.—Worked hard at my picture, and advanced immensely. Felt uneasy because I could not give my dear son money to go and see his college-friends."

"June 3.—Called on my dear friend Kemp, who advanced me some cash to get over my difficulties. By the time my pictures are finished they will be all mortgaged; but never mind, so that I get them done."

"June 13.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to the failure of my exhibition at the hall. In God I trust. It is hard—this struggle of forty-two years' duration; but Thy will and not mine be done."

"June 14.—O God! let it not be presumption in me to call for Thy blessing on my six works. Let no difficulty on earth stay their progress. Grant this week Thy divine aid. From sources invisible raise me up friends to save me from the embarrassments which want of money must bring upon me; and grant that this day week I may be able to thank Thee for my extrication."

"June 15.—Passed in great anxiety, after harassing about for several hours in the heat of the sun."

"June 16.—Sat from two to five o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot; my brain pressed down by anxiety and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —, and to —, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered 'The Duke's Study' to —. Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter.

"Whitchall, June 16.

"SIR—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send, as a contribution for your relief from these embarrassments, the sum of £50. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt."

"That's Peel. Will —, —, or —, answer?"

June 17.—My dearest wife wishes me to stop the whole thing, and close payment: but I will not! I will finish my six pictures, by the blessing of God!"

"June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from —, or —! And this Peel is the man who has no heart!"

"June 21.—Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation."

The next was the last entry made, immediately before the world closed upon the unhappy man—

"June 22.—God forgive me: Amen.

"Finis.

B. R. HAYDON.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."

Lear.

"The end of the twenty-sixth volume."

In summing up, Mr. Wakley said in leaving the case in the hands of the jury, he could not fail to remark on the munificent act of Sir Robert Peel towards the unfortunate deceased. He thought it must speak to the heart of a great many thousand persons, that whilst others were, so to speak, attempting to destroy his own mind, amidst a pressure of public business almost unparalleled, Sir Robert Peel had not forgotten the sufferings of others.

The Reverend Mr. Hyman here begged permission to state, that he had not yet said all that he could in reference to the generosity of the right honorable baronet. Subsequently to the deceased's death, Sir Robert, addressing one of the executors, had enclosed a check for £200 from the royal bounty fund, in order, as he stated in his letter, that the family might not be molested before a public appeal could be made in their behalf: Sir Robert added, that when that was done, of course he should be most ready to come forward so far as his private purse and personal influence were concerned.

The coroner, after having again remarked on the munificence of the premier, inquired whether the jury were unanimous in their verdict?

The foreman replied in the affirmative. It was this—"We find that the deceased, Benjamin Robert Haydon, died from the effect of wounds inflicted by himself; and that the said Benjamin Robert Haydon was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act."

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR LITERARY MEN AND ARTISTS?

The tragic close of Haydon's career is of a nature to command attention even amidst the intense contemporaneous public excitement. The long and terrible struggle of an individual mind that has terminated so shockingly, domineers over the imagination almost with more power than the gregarious enthusiasm evolved in the suicidal death-struggle of shattered factions. In May, 1804, Haydon came to London for the first time, a sanguine, aspiring boy, bent upon reaching the loftiest height of art. In May, 1846, he closed his last losing exhibition, visited by a few cold spectators, while eager crowds were squeezing into the same building to wonder at a dwarf. The conviction was irresistible that his career as an artist had been a failure. Though wanting the faculty of the creative artist, his intuitive recognition of the value of the Elgin marbles, and the missionary

spirit with which he preached the faith in them, were revelations of genius. His long blind struggle, in which he too often mistook waywardness for independence and strange blindness to the defects of his own works, was nevertheless characterized by unflagging energy, and illumined by coruscations of intellect and imagination. There is poetry in his life; he lays hold on our sympathies. His death is felt to be an event even at the crisis of a nation's history; and the active sympathy for him evinced by Sir Robert Peel, while engrossed by fierce personal attacks and the direction of great political combinations, is the most pleasing episode in the minister's existence.

Haydon's life was one of unrelaxing industry. He might not be averse to luxuries—no artist or poet can be, from the temperament which is necessary to the development of his tastes and powers; but his tastes were simple and his indulgence not immoderate. Even his fierce controversial spirit when roused cannot be regarded as the source of his misfortunes. It is against men of taste and intellect, conscious of similar if less glaring weaknesses in their own minds, and irretentive of mere personal dislikes, that such escapades precipitate a man. In time they are sure to be forgotten and forgiven. It is among the mere drudges of life, absorbed in daily household trifles, that undying enmities are to be sought. The poverty and embarrassments of men like Haydon are caused partly by themselves, it is true, but partly also by incomplete social arrangements. They who think the rugged incompletion of Haydon's nature sufficient to account for his misfortunes, must be puzzled to account for those of Laman Blanchard, in whom unwearying industry and regular habits, combined with unoffending, attractive, unvarying gentleness, were proved equally incompetent to the task of providing for a family. Sir Walter Scott had his full share of the national *taste* for acquisition; yet, wanting the talent, his "fair gold" turned into withered leaves long before his death.

The Titian Haydon and his gentler fellows in misfortune were caught in the same toils. The artist and the thinker are not money-making or money-keeping animals. It is not the luxurious alone who are spendthrifts: easy natures—and such the whole artistical tribe are—can waste money without any apparent means or result. It is in vain that we seek to bend the laws of nature to our will: we must seek to adapt ourselves to these laws. It is of the utmost consequence to society that the race of thinkers and imaginative constructors be kept alive and vigorous. Pensions for poor poets and philosophers do more harm than good. They must be given according to the judgment of those intrusted with their distribution for the time being, and that is as likely to be wrong as right. To award literary pensions to every littérateur or artist in bad circumstances through no fault of his own, were to bring around the bestower a crowd of idle sturdy beggars: literature as well as religion will be overstocked by false monks. Find work for them that they can do, and wages. Men of business are averse to employ men of a literary turn; as many a one, who in despair has sought to escape from the muse's bowers to the working-day world, has experienced. There is something of prejudice in this, but at the same time an instinctively correct sense. It is partly felt that the man of intellectual tastes might be more usefully employed some other way, partly

that these applicants are interlopers who would take bread out of the mouths of regularly-trained devotees of unimaginative toil. Every country in Europe has found useful, remunerative, and congenial employment for the literary and artistical class, except our own. It is in the organization and direction of national record-offices, public libraries, museums, and galleries of art—in professorships of art, science, and literature—in the construction and ornament of buildings for such institutions, and other public purposes—in effecting voyages of discovery, conducting scientific experiments on a scale too great for private finances, and preparing their results for publication—that men who have cultivated in preference the faculties of reason and imagination are to find the means of earning a not precarious subsistence by really serving society. With a timid, hesitating hand—desultorily and at intervals—experiments in this way have been made of late years. To be successful, the work should be undertaken at once, on a comprehensive scale, by the annually renewed vote of a liberal sum to supply the intellectual wants of society, placed at the disposal of a responsible minister for education, and the promotion of art, science, and literature. This is the expiation our legislature owes for leaving so much of English intellect and imagination to perish miserably in past years.

From the Spectator.

A CORN-LAW BALLAD :

ADDRESSED TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY AN ADMIRER.

"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him ; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—*Prov. xi. 26.*

THE bigoted aristocrat,
The puppy, and the fool,
Who maunder o'er the crude conceits
Of an exploded school,

May taunt thee with apostasy,
And make a monstrous noise
About your cool abstraction
Of a bather's corduroys :

But like the bark of poodle dog
Or a parrot's empty cry,
Or thunderings theatrical,
Their slanders pass thee by ;

While from the crowded city,
And from the lonely moor,
Come the blessings of the millions,
The blessings of the poor.

For e'en amid the thoughtlessness,
The sorrow, and the toil,
Which dog the pale mechanic
And the tiller of the soil,

A father's arm is strengthened,
And a mother dries her tear,
When they think that in the time to come
Bread will not be so dear.

And so at morn and eventide,
And every scanty meal,
They pray that God may bless the heart
And nerve the hand of Peel.

But not to minds gigantic,
To men who comprehend

The wants of empires, and who look
Far onwards to the end,

Can the herd of common intellects,
The children of to-day,
Or grant a fitting recompence,
Or slander it away.

No, He the Hero of an age,
The mighty one like thee,
Receives the guerdon of his deeds
From far posterity.

Then in the after ages,
When Albion is no more,
And London lies a desert waste
Upon a lonely shore,

Long as the kindly accents
Of the English tongue are known,
Or by the Mississippi,
Or in the torrid zone,

High o'er the Celtic warrior,
The carnage-loving Dane,
O'er the haughty Norman victor,
And the sturdy Saxon Thane,

The might of virtuous eloquence
Shall consecrate thy name,
Foremost upon the banner roll
Of everlasting fame :

And thus by statesmen and by bards
Thy glory shall be spread—

"He braved the mighty and the rich,
To give the starving bread."

King's College, Cambridge.

E.

"LORD BROUGHAM," by Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A.
We have never seen a more successful attempt at representing the face of this extraordinary man :—the restlessness, the sleeplessness, the aggressiveness, and the conscience of power, are all depicted, without derogation from that peculiarity of eye which makes the original appear at once the most inquisitive and the most apathetic of men.

RELICS FOR THE SHAKSPERIAN LIBRARY.

1. Two of *Caliban's* sticks.
2. The bare bodkin with which we might make our *quietus*.
3. *All Macduff's* little chickens and their dam (stuffed.)
4. The bladders with which *Wolsey* swam in a sea of glory.
5. Button from the leathern coat the *Jaques'* stag stretched almost to bursting.
6. Title page (very old) of one of the books found in the running brooks.
7. Sheath of the dagger which *Macbeth* thought he saw before him.
8. Hair from the tail of the ass that *Dogberry* wished himself to be written down.—*Punch*.

AN EVIL OMEN.—It is stated to be a sign of the expected resignation of the present ministry, that Sir James Graham is about to be raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Preston. We presume that the elevation of a cabinet minister is considered a sign of its being all up with the government. We know that throwing up an insignificant object will frequently show which way the wind blows.

Punch.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Does it live in the memory of the reader that Snipeton, only a chapter since, spoke of a hand-maid on her way from Kent to make acquaintance with his fire-side divinities! That human flower, with a freshness of soul like the dews of Paradise upon her is, reader, at this very moment in Fleet-street. Her face is beaming with happiness—her half-opened mouth is swallowing wonders—and her eyes twinkle, as though the London pavement she at length treads upon was really and truly the very best of gold, and dazzled her with its glorifying brightness. She looks upon the beauty and wealth about her gaily, innocently, as a little child would look upon a state coffin; the velvet is so rich, and the plates and nails so glittering. She has not the wit to read the true meaning of the splendor; cannot, for a moment, dream of what it covers. Indeed, she is so delighted, dazzled by what she sees, that she scarcely hears the praises of the exceeding beauty of her features, the wondrous symmetry of her form; praises vehemently, industriously uttered by a youthful swain who walks at her side, glancing at her fairness with the libertine's felonious look. He eyes her innocence, as any minor thief would eye a brooch or chain; or, to give the youth his due, he now and then ventures a bolder stare; for he has the fine intelligence to know that he may rob that country wench of herself, and no Bridewell—no Newgate will punish the larceny. Now, even the bow of sixpenny riband on her bonnet is protected by a statute. Besides, Master Ralph Gum knows the privileges of certain people in a certain condition of life. Young gentlemen born and bred in London, and serving the nobility, are born and educated the allowed protectors of rustic girls. The pretty country things—it was the bigoted belief of the young footman—might be worn, like bouquets on a birth-day.—And the wench at his side is a nosegay expressly sent by fortune from the country for his passing felicity and adornment. True it is, that Master Ralph Gum is scarcely looming out of boyhood; but there is a sort of genius that soars far beyond the parish register. Ralph's age is not to be counted by the common counters, years; but by the rarer marks of precocious intelligence. He is a liveried prodigy; one of those terribly clever animals that, knowing everything, too often confound simple people with their fatal knowledge. Therefore was it specially unfortunate for the damsel that of all the crowd that streamed through Fleet street, she should have asked Ralph Gum to indicate her way to St. Mary Axe. At the time, she was setting due eastward; when the faithless vassal assured her that she was going clean wrong; and, as happily he himself had particular business towards her destination, it would give him a pleasure he could never have hoped for, to guide her virgin steps to St. Mary Axe. And she—poor maid!—believed and turned her all-unconscious face towards Temple Bar. The young man, though a little dark, had such bright black eyes—and such very large, and very white teeth—and wore so very fine a livery, that it would have been flying in the face of truth to doubt him. Often at the rustic fire-side had she listened to the narrated wickedness of London; again and again had she pre-armed her soul with sagacious strength to meet and confound the deception that in so many guises prowled the city streets, for the robbery and destruction of the Arca-

dian stranger. She felt herself invincible until the very moment that Ralph gave smiling, courteous answer to her; and then, as at the look and voice of a charmer, the Amazonian breast-plate (forged over many teas) she had buckled on, melted like frost-work at the sun, and left her an unprotected, because believing woman.

"Why, and what 's them?" cried the girl, suddenly fixed before St. Dunstan's church. At the moment the sun reached the meridian, and the two wooden giants, mechanically punctual, striking their clubs upon the bell, gave warning note of noon. Those giants have passed away; those two great ligneous heroes of the good old times have been displaced and banished; and we have submitted to learn the hour from an ordinary dial. There was a grim dignity in their bearing—a might in their action—that enhanced the value of the time they noted: their clubs fell upon the senses of the parishioners and way-farers, with a power and impressiveness not compassable by a round, pale-faced clock. It was, we say, to give a worth and solemnity to time, to have time counted by such grave tellers. If the parishioners of St. Dunstan and the frequent passengers of Fleet street have, of late years, contributed more than their fair quota to the stock of national wickedness, may not the evil be philosophically traced to the deposition of their wooden monitors? This very valuable surmise of ours ought to be quoted in parliament—that is, if lawmakers properly prepared themselves for their solemn tasks, by duly conning histories like the present—quoted in opposition to the revolutionary movement of the time. For we have little doubt that a motion for the return of the number of felonies and misdemeanors—to say nothing of the social offences that may be the more grave because not named in the statutes—committed in the parish of St. Dunstan's, would show an alarming increase since the departure of St. Dunstan's wooden genii. A triumphant argument this—we modestly conceive—for the conservation of wooden things in high places. "La! and what 's them?" again cried the girl, twelve o'clock being told by the strikers.

"Why, my tulip, them 's a couple of cruel churchwardens turned into wood hundreds of years ago, for their sins to the poor. But you *are* a beauty, that you *are*!" added Ralph, with burning gallantry.

"It can't be; and you never mean it," said the maiden, really forgetting her own loveliness in her wonder of the giants. "Turned into wood? Unpossible! Who did it?"

"Why, Providence—or, something of the kind, you know," replied the audacious footman. "You 've heard of Wittington, I should think, my marigold, eh? He made a fortin in the Indies, where he let out his cat to kill all the vermin in all the courts—and a nice job I should think puss must have had of it. Well, them giants was churchwardens in his time: men with flesh and blood in their hearts, though now they 'd bleed nothing but saw-dust."

"You don't say so! Poor souls! And what did they do?" asked the innocent damsel.

Mr. Ralph Gum scratched his head for inspiration; and then made answer: "You see, there was a poor woman—a sailor's wife—with three twins in her arms. And she went to one churchwarden, and said as how she was a starving; and that her very babbies could n't cry for weakness. And he told her to come to-morrow, for it was n't

the time to relieve paupers : and then she went to the other churchwarden, and he sent out word that she must come again in two days, and not afore."

"Two days!" cried the maiden. "The cruel creturs! did n't they know what time was to the starving?"

"Why, no; they did n't; and for that reason, both the churchwardens fell sick, all their limbs every day a turning into wood. And then they died; and they was going to bury 'em, when next morning their coffins was found empty; and they was seen were they now stand. And there was a act of parliament made that their relations should n't touch 'em, but let 'em stand to strike the clock, as a warning to all wicked churchwardens to know what hours are to folks with hungry bellies."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the girl, innocent as a bleating lamb. "And now, young man, you're sure this is the way to Mary Axe?"

"Did n't I tell you, my sunflower, I was born there? I would carry your bundle for you, only you see, his lordship, the nobleman I serve, is very particular. Livery's livery;—he'd discharge any of us that demeaned himself to carry a bundle. Bless you; there are young fellows in our square—only I'm not proud—that would n't speak to you with such a thing as a bundle; they would n't, my wild rose. But then, you're such a beauty!"

"No; I am not. I know what I am, young man. I'm not of the worst, but a good way from the best. Besides, beauty, as they say, is only skin-deep; is it?" asked the maiden, not unwilling to dwell upon the theme.

"Well, you're deep enough for me anyhow," replied the footboy, and he fixed his eyes as though he thought them burning-glasses, on the guileless stranger. "And now, here you are, right afore Temple Bar."

"Mercy! what a big gate! and what's it for, young man?" cried the wondering girl.

"Why, I once heard it said in our hall that Temple Bar was built on purpose to keep the scum of the city from running over into the West End. Now, this I don't believe," averred Ralph.

"Nor I, neither," cried the ingenuous wench, "else, does n't it stand to reason they'd keep the gate shut?"

"My 'pinion is what I once heard—that Temple Bar was really built at the time of the great plague of London, to keep the disease from the king and queen, the rest of the royal family, with all the nobility, spiritual and temporal." And Ralph coughed.

"Well, if you don't talk like a prayer-book!" exclaimed the maiden, full of admiration.

"I ought by this time; I was born to it, my dear. Bless your heart, when I was no higher nor that, I was in our house. I learnt my letters from the plate; yes, real gold and silver; none of your horn-hooks. And as for pictures, I did n't go to books for them neither; no, I used to study the coach-panels. There was n't a griffin, nor a cockatrice, nor a tiger, nor a viper of any sort upon town I was n't acquainted with. That's knowing life, I think. It is n't for me to talk, my bed of violets; but you would n't think the Latin I know; and all from coaches."

"Wonderful! But are you sure this is the way to Mary Axe?" and with the question the

maiden crossed the city's barrier, and with her lettered deceiver trod the Strand.

"If you ask me that again," answered the slightly wounded Ralph, "I don't know that I'll answer you.—Come along. As the carriage says, '*Hora et semper*.'"

"Now, if you go on in that way, I won't believe a word you say. English for me; acause then I can give you as good as you send. No; wholesome English, or I won't step another step;" and it was plain that the timid rustic felt some slight alarm—was a little oppressed by the mysterious knowledge of her first London acquaintance. She thought there was some *hocus pocus* associated with Latin: it was to her the natural utterance of a conjuror. With some emphasis she added, "All I want to know is—how far is it to Mary Axe?"

"Why, my carnation, next to nothing now. Step out; and you'll be there afore you know it. As I say, I only wish I could carry your bundle—I do, my daisy." Mr. Gum might have spared his regrets. Had his gracious majesty pulled up in his carriage, and offered to be the bearer of that bundle, its owner would have refused him the enjoyment; convinced that it was not the king of England who proposed the courtesy, but the father of all wickedness, disguised as royal Brunswick, and driving about in a carriage of shadows, for the especial purpose of robbing rustic maids. As we have intimated, the damsel had, in the fastnesses of Kent, learned prudence against the iniquities of London. And so, believing that St. Mary Axe was close at hand, she hopefully jogged on.

"What a many churches!" she said, looking at St. Clement's. "Well, the folks in London ought to be good."

"And so they are, my wallflower," rejoined the footman. "The best in the world; take 'em in the lump. And there, you see, is another church. And besides what we have, we're agoing to have I don't know how many hundred more built, that everybody, as is at all anybody, may have a comfortable pew to his whole self, and not be mixed up—like people in the gallery of a playhouse—along of the lower orders. I dare say, now, your grandmother in the country!"

"Ain't got no grandmother," said the girl.

"Well, it's all the same: the old women where you come from—I daresay they talked to you about the wickedness of London, did n't they? And how all the handsome young men you'd meet was nothing more than roaring lions, rolling their eyes about, and licking their mouths, to eat up anybody as come fresh from the daisies! Did n't they tell you this, eh, beauty?" cried Ralph.

"A little on it," said the girl, now pouting, now giggling.

"And you've seen nothing of the sort? Upon your word and honor now, have you?" and the footman tried to look winningly in the girl's eyes, and held forth, appealingly, his right hand.

"Nothing yet; that is, nothing that I knows on," was the guarded answer of the damsel.

"To be sure not. Now my opinion is, there's more downright wickedness—more roguery and sin of all sorts in an acre of the country than in any five miles of London streets: only, we don't kick up a noise about our virtue and all that sort of stuff. Whilst quite to the contrary, the folks in the country do nothing but talk about their innocence, and all such gammon, eh?"

"I can't hear innocence called gammon afore

me," said the girl. "Innocence is innocence, and nothing else; and them as would alter it ought to blush for themselves."

"To be sure they ought," answered Gum. "But the truth is, because lambs don't run about London streets—and birds don't hop on the pavement—and hawthornes and honeysuckles don't grow in the gutters—London's a place of wickedness. Now, you know, my lily of the valley—folks arn't a bit more like lambs for living among 'em, are they?"

"Is this the way to Mary Axe?" asked the girl, with growing impatience.

"Tell you, 'tis n't no distance whatever, only first"—and the deceiver turned with his victim out of the Strand—"first you must pass Drury-lane playhouse."

"The playhouse—really the playhouse!" exclaimed the wench, with an interest in the institution that in these times would have sufficiently attested her vulgarity. "I should like to see the playhouse."

"Well then, my double heartsease, here it is," and Ralph with his finger pointed to the tremendous temple. With curious, yet reverential looks, did the girl gaze upon the mysterious fabric. It was delicious to behold even the outside of that brick and mortar rareeshow. And staring, the girl's heart was stirred with the thought of the wonders, the mysteries, acted therein. She had seen plays. Three times at least she had sat in a wattle-built fane, and seen the dramatic priesthood in their hours of sacrifice. Pleasant, though confused, was her remembrance of the strange harmonies that filled her heart to overflowing—that took her away into another world—that brought sweet tears into her eyes—and made her think (she had never thought so before) that there was really something besides the drudgery of work in life; that men and women were made to have some holiday thoughts—thoughts that breathed strange, comforting music, even to creatures poor and low as she. Then recollections flowed afresh as she looked upon that mighty London mystery—that charmed place that in day-dreams she had thought of—that had revealed its glorious, fantastic wonders in her sleep. The London playhouse! She saw it—she could touch its walls. One great hope of her rustic life was consummated; and the greater would be accomplished. Yes: sure as her life, she would sit aloft in the gallery, would hear the music, and see the London players' spangles.

"And this is Drury-lane!" cried the wench, softened by the thought—"well! I never!"

"You like plays, do you? So do I. Well, when we know one another a little better—for I would n't be so bold as to ask it now—in course not—won't we go together?" said Ralph; and the girl was silent. She did not inquire about St. Mary Axe; but trustingly followed her companion, her heart dancing to the fiddles of Drury-lane: the fiddles that she would hear. "And this is Bow-street my jessamy," said Ralph.

"What's Bow-street?" inquired the maiden. How happy in the ignorance of the question!

"Where they take up the thieves, and examine 'em, afore they send 'em to Newgate to be hanged." The wench shivered. "Never saw nobody hanged, I suppose! Oh, it's nothing, after two or three times. We'll have a day of it, my sweet marjoram, some Monday. We'll go to the Old Bailey in the morning, and to the play at night:

that's what I call seeing life—eh, you precious pink! But, I say arn't you tired?"

"Well, I just am. Where is Mary Axe?" And the girl stared about her.

"Why, if I have n't taken the wrong turning, I'm blest, and that's lost us half a mile and more. I tell you what we'll do. This is a nice comfortable house." Ralph spoke of the Brown Bear; at that day, the house of ease to felons, on their transit from the opposite police office to Newgate. "A quiet respectable place. We'll just go in and rest ourselves, and have atween us half-a-pint of ale."

"Not a drop; not for the blessed world," cried the girl.

"And then, I'll tell you all about the playhouse and the players. Bless you! some of 'em come to our house, when the servants give a party. And we make 'em sing songs and tell stories, and when they go away, why, perhaps, we put a bottle of wine in their pockets—for, poor things! they can't afford such stuff at home—and then they send us orders, and we go into the pit for nothing. And so, we'll just sit down and have half-a-pint of ale, won't we?"

Silently the girl suffered herself to be led into the Brown Bear. The voice of the charmer had entered her heart, and melted it. To hear about plays and players was to hear sweet music: to listen to one who knew—who had spoken to the glorious London actors—who, perhaps, with his own hand had put wine-bottles in their pockets—was to gain a stride in the world. The gossip would not delay her above half an hour from St. Mary Axe; and what wonders would repay her for the lingering! Besides, she was tired—and the young man was very kind—very respectful—nothing at all like what she had heard of London young men—and, after all, what was half-an-hour, sooner or later?

Mr. Ralph Gum intonated his orders like a lord. The ale was brought, and Ralph drank to the maiden with both eyes and lips. Liquor made him musical: and with a delicate compliment to the rustic taste of his fair companion, he wobbled of birds and flowers. One couplet he trolled over again and again. "Like what they call sentiment, don't you?" said Ralph.

"How can I tell?" answered the girl; "it's some of your fine London stuff, I suppose."

"Not a bit on it; sentiment's sentiment all over the world. Don't you know what sentiment is? Well, sentiment's words that's put together to sound nicely as it were—to make you feel inclined to clap your hands, you know. And that's a sentiment that I've been singing"—and he repeated the burden, bawling:

"Oh the cuckoo's a fine bird as ever you did hear,
And he sucks little birds' eggs, to make his voice clear."

"There! don't you see the sentiment now?" The maiden shook her head. "Why, sucking the little birds' eggs—that's the sentiment. Precious clever birds, them cuckoos, eh! They're what I call birds of quality. They've no trouble of hatching, they have n't; no trouble of going about in the fields, picking up worms and grubs for their nestlings: they places 'em out to wet nurse; makes other birds bring 'em up; while they do nothing themselves but sit in a tree,

and cry cuckoo all day long. Now, that's what I call being a bird of quality. How should you like to be a cuckoo, my buttercup?"

"There, now, I don't want to hear your nonsense. What's a cuckoo to do with a Christian?"—asked the damsel.

"Nothing, my passion-flower—to be sure not; just wait a minute," said Ralph—"I only want to speak to my aunt that lives a little way off; and I'll be back in a minute. I've got a message for the old woman: and she's such a dear creature—so fond of me. And atween ourselves, whenever

she should be made an angel of—and when an angel's wanted, I hope she'll not be forgotten—shan't I have a lot of money! Not that I care for money; no, give me the girl of my heart, and all the gold in the world, as I once heard a parson say, is nothing but yellow dirt. And now I won't be a minute, my precious periwinkle."

And with this, Mr. Ralph Gum quitted the room, leaving the fair stranger, as he thought, in profoundest admiration of the disinterestedness of footmen.

IBRAHIM PACHA'S OPINION OF PEEL.

A FAST express was despatched by the Philo-Egyptians of London to Ibrahim Pacha at Belfast, bidding his highness leave the Irish to themselves for the moment, and hasten back to London, to enjoy the rare sport of being in at a ministerial death. Ibrahim is the most docile of lions, and took return steam forthwith, with all his dragoons and his secretaries, with whom he transacts business to the doors of St. Stephen's. Sir Charles Napier was in attendance, and took his seat in the peer's gallery, by the pacha's side, whilst a succession of political cicerones occupied the bench immediately before him, and responded most courteously and fully to all the questions of the Egyptian. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Monteagle, Mr. Cobden, *et tu Brute*, Lord Palmerston, all came to contribute their mite of intelligence and explanation; and never did a poor Mussulman appear more perplexed with abundance of knowledge than Ibrahim.

The vizier, he was told, was going to fall, because half of his corps of janizaries had rebelled and turned against him. From time out of mind these household troops had levied a handful of piastres on each barrel of corn, which money they put into their own pockets. The vizier would abolish this privilege of the janizaries putting their hands into every man's corn-sack, and abstracting a piece of the poor man's loaf, when the janizaries, as usual, hoisted their camp-kettles on their lances to show that their cookery, the most servile part about them, was too sorely menaced, and that they would resist. Hereupon the people, whose stomachs were equally concerned, hoisted their soup-cauldrons, which so eclipsed the camp-kettles of the janizaries that they gave in.

Lord Monteagle, who learned the science of apologue from poor Sydney Smith, expounded this one into the ear of the Pacha, who was greatly struck by it. Still he asked, how is it, that, although the party of the camp-kettles are beaten, still they can slay the vizier. This is owing, expounded his lordship, to an unfortunate habit that the vizier has of continually changing his armor and his uniform, and running between contending parties, so as to have the honor of reconciling and managing compromises between both. He has thus been unavoidably struck by the missiles of both. Nor, indeed, would there be any possibility of letting him escape unharmed, except by a general cessation of hostility and activity, both parties consenting to abandon the field, and leave it to the vizier all alone.

Yet one of your chiefs of the people, said the pacha, the man of the great popular soup-cauldron, Cobden, Eff-ndi, he has been to me, lamenting over the untimely fate of Peel, saying the

country might spare a better man. I thought Mr. Cobden a wiser man, said the pacha's interlocutor, than to lament over the fall of the vizier. For it is the nature, and the fortune of that statesman to gather far more strength out of office, than in. In office he is domineering, churlish, envious, incommunicative, yet capricious and changeable withal, made, in fact, to lose friends, and let influence escape through his fingers. Out of office, he is the star that attracts all hopes, and rallies all disappointments and eclipses all rivals—that is, the man who has done so much, and in so many contrary senses, for so many diverse parties, that there is no man who may not hope in him, even the Irishman, who believes in an independent millennium. Better is it far, for the vizier to go out; to touch mother-earth, in order to rise refreshed and strengthened like the Titan, and to return to power with the confidence of half a dozen combined, yet jarring and gulled parties, in order to achieve some other great act of reform, destructive to his own friends, suicidal to himself.

Much of this was "caviare" to the pacha, who merely said that he considered the English vizier as a good Turkish politician, anxious to fill the people's bellies, and at the same time belabor their backs, which were the two great means of preserving popular tranquillity. I have caught a glimpse of your Irish, and do think that more feeding and more beating would greatly improve them. And this I learn is the policy of the vizier.

Yes, your highness, but the Irish kick against the beating, and we are obliged to send soldiers to support the cudgellers, so that the country costs more in money, than it affords, and adds more to the weakness than the strength of the empire.

That I can conceive, said the pacha; when you cannot extirpate a tribe, you must conciliate it. We tried the plan with the Nubians, who are our Irish, and it did not succeed.

We hope this faithful report of Ibrahim Pacha's conversation may not be deemed impertinent.

Examiner.

THREE years ago the tribunals of the Austrian empire were desired by the government to give their opinion as to whether it would be advisable to substitute, in cases of capital punishment, the French plan of the guillotine for hanging. The reply was against decapitation, as habituating the people to the sight of blood. A year ago a surgeon of Padua submitted to the government a new mode of strangulation by means of a gibbet, so contrived as to occasion the luxation of the spine and immediate death. This mode of execution, after several experiments, has been adopted for the whole of Venetian Lombardy, and the inventor is charged with the direction of the executions.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE TWO GRAVES.

THE church itself was almost entirely overgrown with ivy, and its low square tower was even overtopped by the vigorous parasite by which it was embraced. As I had been ciceronised over every foreign country that I had visited, and was now resolved to follow a totally different course, I asked no questions, and trusted to my own talent for exploration to discover all the lions into whose dens I might penetrate. I did not, consequently, seek for the key of the church and a catalogue of the monuments, a demand which, in this instance, I should, moreover, have considered as somewhat more than supererogatory; but with Snap at my heels, I turned towards the spot where the modest temple stood in a shady niche between two of the hills which framed in the hamlet.

As I approached I was struck by the extreme beauty and antiquity of half-a-dozen stately yews, which kept their funereal watch over the narrow space where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"

they were, in truth, magnificent, and as soon as I had passed the little wicket, I was no less attracted by the extreme order and neatness of the whole enclosure. Somewhat to my surprise, for I had discovered no habitation in the village which could lead me to expect it, I saw upon my right hand, in the full blaze of the southern sun, a raised tomb of stone, surrounded by an iron railing, and evidently covering a vault. I was about to turn my steps that way, when, chancing to glance in the opposite direction, my eye fell upon a grave, made immediately under the north wall, and crushed into the extreme angle of the corner, as though he who dug it had grudgingly yielded the space which it must necessarily occupy: while near it, as if to contradict this soul-chilling suspicion, two white rose-trees had been planted, one at the head and the other at the foot of this nameless mound; and they were both in bloom, but not kindly: the aspect was unpropitious, and the soil evidently ungenial, and thus the stems were too fragile even to support the dwarfed and languid blossoms which they had borne, and which hung their heads, and suffered their sickly petals to be scattered by the light breeze that should only have extracted their perfume. I advanced slowly and reverently towards that isolated grave, and I stood long beside it. It was, as I felt at once, that of an outcast; but, assuredly, not of one who had been totally unloved. There had, perchance, been error, even sin, hidden beneath that grassy tumulus, but human affection had as clearly outlived the fault; and those white blossoms were, like the wings of the dove of Noah, the harbingers of a brighter hope. I had a strange desire to learn the history of the silent heart now mouldering into dust beneath my feet, but there was not a letter, not a clue to guide me to such knowledge; and at last I turned away and walked across the church-yard to the tall square tomb. There I read that beneath that stone lay the bodies of I know not how many esquires and dames of the name of Darcourt, and they were all of old date save one; that of Richard Darcourt, Esq., who died in August, 1812, and in whose person the family became extinct.

Who was Richard Darcourt, Esq.? And how came he and his ancestors to be buried here, in this secluded spot of earth, where their proud

monument was out of keeping with everything about it? There were scarcely half-a-dozen headstones throughout the whole extent of the church-yard; one of these identified the remains of a former curate, who died at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine; another recorded the death of a fair girl, just advancing into womanhood: the last, as the inscription said,—and how mournful was the reflection!—the last surviving child of that same widowed old man. She had gone before him, and he had borne up for five long months after his bereavement before he "fell asleep" in his turn.

I was still meditating upon this melancholy record when I heard, at no great distance, a dull, measured, monotonous sound, which I could not mistake. I was not alone in the death-garden. It was the opening of a grave, and the work was going forward behind the church, where I had not yet penetrated. I turned in that direction and found that I had not deceived myself; a half-dug grave was before me, and in the pit stood an old man, so old that it was clear some one must soon render the same christian service to himself. He had thrown off his coat, which lay upon the grass, his head was bare, and his long hair, which glittered in the light like silver, fell over his shoulders. I watched him as he worked. His sun-burnt and muscular hands grasped the spade with a strength which seemed incompatible with his years, and he pursued his task steadily, and with a precision evidently the result of long habit. After a time he raised his head, and seeing me observing him, lifted his hand as if to withdraw his cap, which being already thrown aside, he was compelled to substitute a grasp of some of the white hair which had elicited my admiration.

"You have a hard task there, my friend," I said, as I advanced to the edge of the grave.

"Not so hard as you think, belike, sir," was the quiet reply; "the soil's kindly, and I've been at it all my life."

"And that life has been a long one," I rejoined; "you must have stretched many to rest in their last home since you dug your first grave."

"You are right, sir," said the old man, ceasing from his labor, and leaning lightly upon his spade, more as it seemed from habit than from necessity; "old and young, rich and poor, happy and heart-broken; some who were loth to die, and some who were thankful to be beyond further trial. There's no stranger book, sir, than a church-yard. Take every one of these graves, and if you could read what's written on the hearts that are rotting in them, you'd know more of life, mayhap, than you'll ever learn from the living."

"I am sure of it," I answered, astonished both at the words and manner of the old sexton; "and as you must know all this, perhaps you will be kind enough to answer me a question?"

"You need n't ask it, sir,—you need n't ask it," was the somewhat impatient reply. "You want to know the history of Squire Darcourt, who lies yonder in the big tomb. He is on the south, you see—matter of course, sir, matter of course—the gentlefolks have had the sunshine all their lives, and they claim it after they're dead. They could n't lie quiet yonder in the shade, where the soil's damp and the sky dark—no, no, they could n't lie quiet there." And he resumed his task with a vigor which had in it more of bitterness than zeal.

"You mistake me, my good friend," I said soothingly; "I care nothing for either that for-

mal tomb or its tenant; my interest leans to the very spot of gloom which you have just denounced. I want to learn the history of a solitary grave planted with rose-trees. I would pledge five years of my life that it contains the most fertile page in that book of which you just now spoke."

The old man raised his head, and looked at me steadily.

"You are a stranger, sir," he said, in a subdued and altered tone, utterly unlike his late irritation, "and the tale is a long one, and a sad one; and I might n't tell it altogether after a fashion to please your ears, for you are a gentleman—I have seen enough of 'em to know one at first sight; and, perhaps, you may be, too, like the squire yonder was for a time, a parliament man. But I hope not, sir—I hope not; for if they're all alike they'll have a deal to answer for in the next world, though their tombs may be of stone and iron in this, while the poor must be content with grass and osiers."

I cannot tell why, but I would not have admitted the fact at that moment for all the condensed wisdom of St. Stephen's.

"Do me more justice," I said, "and tell the tale in your own way; I should not like it so well in any other. And, first, who lies yonder in that narrow grave?"

"My only sister," answered the sexton, without raising his eyes.

I began to regret my curiosity. I had evidently given the old man a pang, and I could devise no better method of at once terminating the conversation than by saying—

"Pray forgive me: I was misled by the freshness of the grave, and thought that it had been that of a young person."

"And so it is, sir,—young, and beautiful, and—loving, with a smile or a tear for every one, friends and foes alike. And the grave is fresh, sir—the grave is fresh, as you say—and it would be hard if it were n't: as if old John Saunders, who has spent his life in throwing up the soil for every one that would pay him for his labor, could n't keep one little mound clean and tidy, out of love for the poor thing that lies under it!"

I bent my head affirmatively, but did not utter a word; the old man's mood was evidently softening.

"But it was n't always as it is now, shame be with me who am obliged to own it! If you had come here three-and-thirty years ago, sir, you'd have seen that damp corner smothered in nettles, that grew tall and strong, as if they tried to hide the grave that had been dug there. And it did my heart good to see 'em, and I would have watered and weeded 'em, had they needed it, to make 'em taller and stronger still. But I learnt to feel better and softer afterwards," pursued the sexton, in a lower voice, as he raised his eyes reverently to heaven; "and I began to understand that I had grudged her enough, and that, surely, I might let her lie like a Christian in the cold corner where I had thrust her away, without making her grave a marvel to the village. Ah, sir! I might have laid her down here, under one of these yew trees, and cut her name, and her age, and the day she died, upon the trunk, for our parson was too good a man to have hindered me. He thought that I had suffered enough, but I had n't, sir, I had n't—I had n't got my pride under, and my grief was choked with it. I had more to learn yet; so I refused to dig her a grave, as I should have done,

where she might have laid among the friends of her youth, and the old people that she had seen seated about her father's hearth; and I put her there, as if, even after death, she was to be a mark and a stare."

"What was her name?" I asked, almost in a whisper, for I began to suspect that I could read her history.

"Amy, sir—Amy Saunders: and that's a name that has n't passed my lips for many a long year. And Amy Saunders—it seems to do my heart good any how to name it now—Amy Saunders was only another way of talking of the prettiest and the merriest—ay, sir, and for all that's come and gone—the modestest girl in Thornhol-low, till the trial came, and then it was who could say first, that they had seen how 't would be months before; and that people was always pulled down that set themselves up for properer and better than their neighbors; and that if John Saunders had n't been a fool, he'd have seen that he might just as well have sent his sister to London to live, as up to the great house."

"The great house!" I repeated, interrogatively.

"What! you have n't seen it yet, sir?" said the old man. "It lies beyont, at the back of the hill yonder, and they do say that it's a wonderful bit of building, for it's stood I don't know how many centuries; and I can remember it a grand place in my time, with gardens, and groves, and terraces, and a park of deer, and an avenue of beeches up to the fore-court, that looked in the autumn like two long lines of gold, and livery servants lounging about the hall, and music and laughing ringing out through the open windows, and making the yeoman's heart lighter as it came sweeping along the wind to the lone field where he was at work. The curse of a broken heart, wrung out of its shame, had n't lightened on it then."

"And now, my friend?" I asked, with all my sympathies awakened by the stern eloquence of the old man.

"Now, sir," he answered, bitterly, as he leant back and supported himself against the wall of earth behind him, "the plough has passed over the trim park where ladies used to walk about in satin shoes without hurting their tender feet, and the beeches have been cut down to raise money to spend in foreign parts, and the gardens have run to waste and are choked up with weeds, and the fishponds, that used to look like bits of clear glass, and were full of gold and silver fish, are mudholes, where the frogs and tadpoles breed at their ease. The shutters are close shut, and the house empty. I wandered through it once, unbeknown to any one, for I knew a way in, and I wanted to see the end of the wicked. All was dark—dark: ay, as dark as that lone grave yonder, or the big tomb that looks down upon it; and the grand chambers echoed"—and here the old man almost gave way to a burst of cruel merriment—"as if they knew that the same feet that used to tread 'em would never tread 'em again. They would have ploughed up to the very doors, sir, for land like ours about here is too good to waste, but they could n't; for the fore-court is shut in with tall iron rails and wide gates, with a bit of gilding on the spikes, and the place is what they call in Chancery, and must n't be touched; for the law is that it should be left to fall into ruin quietly, and no mischief done. So there the big house stands, in the middle of corn and potato-fields, as if it had dropped down

ready made from the skies, and had no business there. I suppose at the end of two more lives as long as mine, if it holds out, they'll say it's haunted, and it's sure that many a one has been so for less."

"But was there no lawful heir," I inquired, "to save so fine a property as you describe from such a fate?"

"There were two of them, sir—there were two of them, and that they say was the evil. When the squire yonder," and he jerked his head in the direction of the vault of the Darcourts, "went mad and died, his sister was left, and she had married some great lord from foreign parts who took her away to where he came from; I don't rightly remember now where it was, to France, or to the Ameriky's, or somewhere about there, and as she was n't here to take care of herself, up starts a cousin that she had never seen or heard of, from t'other side of England, a long way off, and says as he is heir-at-law; so poor Miss Emily is advised to 'throw it into Chancery,' I think they call it, which means that nobody is to have it, for the good of them both, and there it is."

"It was a melancholy death for the last of an old family to die," I observed.

"You would have said so, sir, if you had seen and heard it as I did. I did n't envy him his down bed and his satin curtains that night, for I had seen my father and mother die in our little cottage, in a room with a brick floor and whitewashed walls, the same room that I and she were born in, and where I hope to die myself; there were tears and sighs there, sir, I own, and many of them, but neither howls, nor screams, nor terror. I never knew before how little money or luxury could help at such a time, but I learnt it then."

"Was there insanity in the family?"

"No, sir, never before. The old squire and madam lived to a good old age in peace and charity with all men, and for the last ten years they never stirred from the hall, which folks said was all the worse for their son, for London seems to be but a queer place for young men, when they've no one to look after 'em. They thought he spent a mint o' money—they owned that; but when he paid some thousands of pounds to get to be a parliament man, that seemed to set all right at the hall; and madam used to look so very eager-like at the parson on a Sunday when he prayed for the 'high court,' a-thinking, as she was, of the young squire; and all the village was so glad to do her pleasure, that the 'amen' to that prayer was always the loudest; but it would n't all do, for it was n't likely that a gay young blade that could n't rule himself could be a better hand at ruling the nation."

"Did he succeed in making any figure?" I asked, with a smile.

"I should think he did, sir," replied the sexton, with all the gravity of a profound conviction, which he was too modest to put into words, "for before long he got turned adrift again, and he never could get in after that. He said when he came down home that they was all alike, for that there was a 'dissolution;' but you know, sir, ignorant as we are about here, we could n't quite believe that; for it was n't likely or natural that they should all die off at once, so we just took it for what it was good for, and saw clear enough that the king and the parliament had had enough of him."

"And was he unpopular at that time?"

"Not a bit, sir; for though he was wild, and

proud, and passionate, he had a warm heart and a ready hand, and, above all, a way with him that won strangely upon the women. He ought never to have come to such a place as this: he was too clever for us, sir, in all the London ways. But all was joy up at the hall. Master Richard was so handsome, and the friends that he brought down with him to fish and shoot were so fashionable and elegant, that poor Miss Emily was delighted; and that's the way that she came to marry her outlandish husband, poor dear young lady! Do you know, sir, I've often wondered," pursued the sexton, leaning his chin upon the clasped hands that rested on the handle of his spade, "I've very often wondered if that was n't a sin that marrying of foreigners; for as they are all the natural-born enemies of old England, it seems to me that it never could be intended that they should come together with husbands from beyond seas."

"Why, you forget, my good friend, that our fair and gracious sovereign gave her royal hand to a German prince."

"That's the very thing that makes me doubt, sir, for I felt quite sure of it before, but when I heard of that I was staggered; and now I'm glad to know that I was wrong, for I loved Miss Emily like a child of my own. Though still I shall think, as long as I live, that our young ladies could find better, and fonder, and handsomer husbands at home than ever they'll do across the water."

"You and I, at least, are bound to believe so, Master Saunders."

"You are, sir—you are," retorted the old man; "as for me, I never thought of a wife but once, and I felt it my duty not to marry her; I had another duty to perform, sir, that I could n't ask her to share, though she'd have done it, as I well know, for my sake; and so from that time I made up my mind to stay as I was, and to live and die alone."

"You were, then, an orphan?"

"There were two of us, sir. My father went first, when he was still a fine hale man of fifty, from a fall he had; and my mother broke her heart six months afterwards, when Amy was only two years old. I dug both their graves with my own hands, and there they lie, side by side, as they lived. No, not that way, sir," he continued, following the direction of my glance, "but out away yonder. I put her as far from 'em as I could, for I thought she was n't worthy to be near 'em; and so, from my own wicked pride, I've brought the same misfortune on myself, for I shall lie by her, and she won't be alone much longer, that's one comfort."

"I understand her melancholy story," I said, with all the pity that I felt; "your poor young sister was tempted, and she fell."

The old man nodded his head, and wiped his hand across his eyes.

"And yet I ought n't quite to say so," he pursued, after a pause; "for you see, sir, here's the whole truth. Amy was not only the prettiest girl in the hamlet, but she was the best. On her death-bed my mother put her into my arms, and bade me remember that she would soon have no one to take care of her and watch over her but me, and as I was almost old enough then to be her father, she told me that I must act as such, and keep her from all evil ways, and make her happy; and I promised it all on my knees. And while she was a child she was seldom out of my sight, but played

in the fields while I was at work, with the hedge-flowers and the butterflies, searching for blackberries and wild roses, and making my heart glad and my arm strong. And when I was called here to dig a grave, she sat beside me on the grass, making necklaces of the daisies, and reminding me of the duties that were before me, and making me feel less lonely when I happened to look towards the place where I had laid our parents. But she could n't always be a child, and so she grew up to be a tall girl, wanting more learning than I could give her; and though the cottage was lonely enough when she was out of it, I sent her to the village school till she had learned all they could teach her; and I thought that was enough for one of her station, and was happy again to have her with me, singing about the house, and doing all that her poor mother had done before her, and, as I fancied, doing it even better. This was n't to last, however; for she was so pretty and so modest that Madam Darcourt noticed her for a time at church, and spoke to the parson about her, and then had her up to the hall and talked to her. I can't tell you how proud I was, sir, for I knew that she deserved it all; and I began to hope that be-like they would do something more for her than I could. And so they did, sir—and so they did; and it was all well meant and kindly, though they had better left her in the old cottage to live with her brother and to work at her wheel. When Miss Emily saw her she took a great fancy to her, for they were nearly of an age; and so it was settled that I should be sent for, and my heart was in my mouth while I was putting on my Sunday suit to go up in my turn; and when I got there what should I see in the grand old oak room but Madam Darcourt, sitting in her big crimson chair by the fireside, watching the two girls, who were on their knees before a sofa, turning over a book of pictures, and the squire on the window-seat reading one of the London papers. I guessed how it would be directly, for Amy had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and Miss Emily's arm was round her neck, that was as red as a peony; and while Amy's eyes were cast down upon the pictures, Miss Emily was whispering in her ear and almost laughing in her joy. Well, sir, when I took my hat off at the door, the squire nodded his head, and madam smiled and told me to come in; but I knew myself better, and stood fast. It was just as I thought. First I was asked what relations I had about the place, and I said none at all but Amy; for my father came from a far shire when he was a boy to seek for work; and poor people, when they're once parted from their uncles and cousins, don't know much about 'em a few years after; and my mother was an orphan brought up by her grandmother, who died many years before of grief that her only son had been lost at sea: so that we were all alone. The lady said that she was glad of it, and then inquired what friends Amy had made in the village. I told her what was the truth, that every soul in the village was her friend, from the parson downwards, but that she had no playfellow but me, and had never asked for one. Madam looked more pleased than ever; and saying that she knew she could trust to my word, she began to tell me that Miss Emily was in want of a companion, both in her play and her learning, and that if I would consent to part with Amy, she should live at the hall so long as she continued to be a good girl, and learn of Miss Emily's governess and be treated like one of the family.

"I thought, sir, that the floor was sliding away from under my feet; and before I could get my voice again, up sprang Amy, threw off Miss Emily's arm, let the beautiful book fall upon the floor, and, without even waiting to pick it up, rushed to my neck and began to cry bitterly, saying that she could n't and would n't leave me forever.

"Ah, sir! why did n't I listen to that voice of nature that rung a warning in my ears! But I was young and hopeful then, and was full of wild and ambitious dreams for the baby-sister that I had reared. At least, I never thought of myself; I could n't afford to do that. The solitary cottage frightened me, and the long, long days and nights that I must pass without seeing Amy, or feeling her kisses on my lips, or hearing her clear voice carolling through the narrow rooms. And so it was me that persuaded her, and soothed her, and bid her go and kiss madam's hand, and thank her for all her kindness. And she obeyed me," pursued the poor old man, dashing away the tears which were now pouring down his furrowed cheeks—"she obeyed me, sir; for Amy had never till that day had any will but mine, and she could n't hold out long against it. And madam, who had kindly shed a tear herself, told me to take my little sister home, and to bring her back on the morrow: but I could n't venture that, and so I made bold to tell her. Amy was at the hall now; and, thankful as I was for all her goodness, I might n't, be-like, have courage to take her back if once I had her at the cottage again. Miss Emily, too, was crying and clinging to her new friend; and the squire looked up from his paper and said that I was quite right, and that, as the worst was now over, it had better not be begun again; so the lady agreed with him, telling me that I need n't trouble about Amy's things, for that they would give her all she wanted at the hall, and that I might come and see her the next Sunday, and have my dinner there. I got away at last I hardly know how, and found myself in the great avenue.

"It was a Monday, sir—a Monday, in the afternoon—and I was n't to see Amy till the next Sunday. When I remembered *that*, I felt as if some one had clutched me by the throat—I could n't breathe; and if I had been a boy instead of a man I should have thought that I was sobbing. So I sat down under one of the trees and took off my hat, that the wind might blow in my face, and that did me good; and, after a time, I began to think, and, somehow, from one thing to another, I got on till I verily believed that I had made a fortune for Amy. I saw her riding in her own coach; and then I felt so merry that I tried to sing, but I could n't do that—I might as well have tried to pull up one of the old beeches by the roots. So, when I found it would n't do, I jumped up again and walked on to the village.

"I passed the wicket of my little garden, lifted the door-latch, and went into the cottage. I kept telling myself that I ought to be very glad; but somehow, when I found myself there alone, I felt just as I did the day that I came from my mother's funeral. I had ate nothing since breakfast, for Amy had been sent for just as she put our bit of bacon in the pot; and when I went I was in too great a hurry to follow her to think about my meal. When I got home the fire had gone out under the saucepan, and there was no cloth laid, though it was nearly supper time; but I did n't heed these things then, I only remembered them afterwards. I threw myself into an old high-backed wooden

chair, that had been my father's, and sat there, thinking of nothing, but quite lost, until the morning.

"The fresh air did me good when I went to my work, and I began to be angry at my own folly. It was hard enough, to be sure, to be parted from Amy, and to be left alone for the first time; but then it was for Amy's good, and I had promised to be a father to her; and all the while that pride was swelling at my heart, I kept telling myself that I had only done my duty, and that I must n't be thinking of my own pleasure and convenience. I never shed a tear, sir, through it all; perhaps I should have got over it better if I had, for the women seem to get rid of a deal of grief through their eyes! But I hoarded up all my sorrow, and even hid it from my neighbors when they inquired into the truth, and told me that Amy's fortune was made and that she would be a lady. And so Sunday came at last, and it rained hard and the family did n't come to church; but the rain was nothing to me, and, when the parson had gone home, I started for the hall.

"I thought Amy would have ate me up; but that hardly satisfied me. I should n't have known her again, for she had got lace on her frock, and a sash like Miss Emily's; and although I was proud to see her so fine, yet somehow she did n't seem to belong to me as she used to do. And I wasn't a minute alone with her. I was asked into the schoolroom, where the governess never left us, and called me *Mister Saunders*, and told me that I ought to pray for madam every night of my life, and suchlike, as if she could feel what I did. And Amy smiled and cried at the same time, and inquired after her poultry and the donkey that she used to gallop over the hills upon, till she was reminded that she must leave off thinking of such things, and think of her learning; and then she hung her head and kissed me over and over again, but asked no more questions. This was bad enough, but when dinner came it was worse. I had n't had time yet to forget that Amy was my sister; but she dined in the parlor with the squire and madam, and Miss Emily and the governess, as the rule was every Sunday, and I in the servants' hall. It was n't for pride that I minded it, for the servants there were all ladies and gentlemen, and thought themselves very obliging to accept of my company; but I could n't bear to be parted from Amy, nor to have her taught to look down upon me; and I really believe that I should have carried her back again that night to the cottage if she had n't had on a parcel of fine clothes that did n't belong to her.

"Next thing, sir, I was asked up once a fortnight, and then once a month; but, for a time, Amy persisted in sitting by me at church on a Sunday, and reading out of the same book, and she used to wear her old bonnet and shawl that she had on when she left home, though I soon saw myself that they did n't look rational over muslin and silk frocks, for she had soon outgrown her own. At last, one Sunday, when I was dining at the hall, madam sent for me to the big room, and told me that she was quite satisfied with my behavior, and was sorry to say anything that might hurt me, but that if Amy was to be Miss Emily's friend, it was n't becoming that she should leave the squire's pew, or wear the Sunday-school dress that likened her to the rest of the village girls. I think I felt that saying more than all the rest, sir, for I had been glad to believe that we were equal

there at least; and now I saw that I should be obliged to sit alone, and only see her a long way off, when I caught a sight of her bright young face between the crimson curtains of the pew. But there was no help for it, and so I promised Madam Darcourt that I would forbid her to come to me. And I did it—I did it, sir; but I don't know how I had the heart, for I began to see, that they wanted to shake me off, and that it was only Amy's innocent love that prevented it. However, I never saw that Sunday-school bonnet again, and we never more sat side by side upon that narrow bench.

"Well, sir, they grew up, those two beautiful young girls; but Amy was the handsomest of the two and the cleverest, for Miss Emily was n't fond of learning and was a spoiled child, while the poor cottager's daughter gave all her mind to her books, and, not content with learning what they bid her, learned a power of other things that they never meant her to know. And she had such an air, sir! Many times I've put my hand to my hat to pull it off when she spoke to me, if she had n't hindered it with a smile and a kiss. And so as I found she was getting beyond me, and would never be fit for the cottage again, I began to think that I got on badly enough with the old woman that looked after me, and that I'd better search about for a wife. There were plenty of girls in the village, and good girls too; but Amy had spoiled me, so I was in no hurry to make up my mind, for I would n't give her a sister that she might be ashamed of, and I was too poor to look for anything grand. However, I kept my eyes about me; and just then the young squire came home, after what he called the dissolution. I shall never forget him at church the next Sunday; how polite he was, looking out the places in her prayer-book, and putting on her shawl when they were going home. All the village was up in arms; but I did n't like it—it did n't seem to me to be natural. And when Amy wished me good-by at the porch, and got into the coach with madam, and Miss Emily, and the governess, to go home, altogether it did n't seem to me to be right, and I began to be uneasy about her. But Master Richard was soon off again, and I forgot all about it, till the old squire was taken ill and had two physicians from the county town. But all would n't do, and at the end of four months he died.

"That was the first time the vault had been opened since I took up my father's trade, and I need n't tell you, sir, how heavy my heart was when I set about it. It seemed to me to be only the beginning of evil, and so it was; for madam began to pine when he was gone, and the young squire, who had come down for the funeral with the lawyers and such like, would n't leave her, but stayed on for a whole year at the hall; and at the end of it he buried her. Then Miss Emily refused to leave the place; and so he came and went between London and the hall, that was now his own, and a few months afterwards the house was full. The governess stayed on as housekeeper, and Miss Emily and Amy loved one another more than ever.

"Before very long news came to the village that Miss Emily was about to be married; and then my heart was full, for I did n't know what would become of my sister. Madam had left her five hundred pounds in her will, and she was a match for the best farmer in the country. But I began to be afraid that she'd never settle to work

after the life she'd led and the learning she'd got ; and so I took upon myself one day when, for a wonder, we were left alone, to talk to her about these matters. I could make nothing of it, however ; she only blushed and smiled, and told me to keep myself easy, for she'd been luckier than she deserved, and she'd tell me all, only that she must n't until after Miss Emily's marriage. I thought this hard ; I felt as though she ought n't to have a secret from her only brother, and one who had brought her up from a baby. But she had a way with her that always upset me ; and so I kissed her and told her that she knelt best, as, of course, she must, and tried to think that all would come right in time.

"I shall never forget Miss Emily's marriage, sir. The squire was like one beside himself. Gold flew about on all sides, as had never been seen before in Thornhollow ; and we were all glad of it for the parson's sake, for he wanted it bad enough. There was a fair on the common, and a dinner for all the village in the park. But the grandest sight was the wedding. Two of the bridegroom's sisters had come over, and there were they and Amy all dressed alike, like princesses, and Miss Emily, like a queen as she was, and a great lady as she was going to be. But I thought that Amy looked very pale, and sad, and ill ; and once or twice I caught her eye turned upon me, as if to see whether I was watching her ; and when our eyes met she smiled, but it was n't a smile of joy, and it made my heart ache.

"I went up to dine at the Hall, but I did n't see Amy. Miss Emily was to start at six o'clock in the evening, in a carriage-and-four, with her new husband, and Amy had promised not to leave until the governess was ready to follow ; but, for all that, I was startled to hear from the lady's-maid that she had n't made any preparation for a move. I could n't understand it ; and I laid awake all night, tired as I was, thinking over what she was going to do. I heard it soon enough.

"A fortnight afterwards I had a message from the Hall, and in five minutes I was on the road there. Instead of taking me to the housekeeper's room, as they'd done since the young squire had been master there, I was walked up to the breakfast parlor, and there I found Amy."

The old man paused and gasped for breath, then glanced towards the little northern grave, shook his head mournfully and continued,—

"She was n't dressed out in her silks, sir, but in a sort of white wrapping-gown ; and I saw the minute I looked at her what I ought to have discovered long before. My head failed, I reeled, and hung on to a chair for support.

"I'm an old man, sir ; but if I was to live for another century I should never forget that day, nor the night that followed it. Amy sprang across the floor and threw herself on her knees before me ; but I had no mercy. It was more than I could bear. She had been my first thought in the morning and my last at night ; my heart was bound up in her. I'd watched over her when she was an infant in the cradle, cherished her when she'd no other parent, given up everything for her when I needed her sorely in my own poor home, and all because I loved her better than myself, and wanted to make her happy, come what might of all else. And now my heart was wrung asunder, and my pride flew into my face and hissed in my ears ; and the months and years of loneliness that I'd passed in my thatched and

whitewashed cottage came back upon me as if they mocked my folly. And as she still knelt there—for I had n't stretched out a finger to lift her up, though she seemed to be sinking into the dust—as she knelt there, I thought of the young wife who was to come to my home as soon as I knew that she was happy and settled, as she had told me she should soon be : the virtuous girl that had heard me boast so often of my sister Amy that she almost trembled when she thought of seeing her. And when I remembered that I should n't dare to look her in the face again, with such a shame as this come upon me, as she knelt there, sir, I could have driven her from me with a blow. She had thought so little of me, when I had been thinking of little else but her ! I only waited till I had got my legs again, and that I knew I should n't stagger and fall before I got clear of that accursed roof ; and then giving her one long look that reproached her more than all I could have said, I wrenched my knees from her grasp and turned to leave her.

"Oh, sir, a death-groan is very horrible ; but it's music to the wild shriek that she gave as she started from the floor, and with white and shaking lips, and eyes that seemed as if they were burning in their sockets, thrust her hand into her bosom and pulled out a paper that she held before my eyes. But my time was n't come ; and telling her that I had n't learning like her to mend a sin and to wipe away a shame with a bit of writing, I flung from the room."

The old man paused ; the sweat was trickling down his forehead, and his chest heaved with emotion. It was terrible to see such vividness of feeling outlive the wasted frame within which it labored ; but he soon rallied.

"Well, sir," he pursued, after a time, "the poor thing wrote to me a number of times ; but the very look of her letters, that seemed as if they were only fit for gentlefolks to read, angered me, and I would n't open one of 'em. She hoped on for all that, poor lamb ! And so she came to live in the village ; not upon the money that madam had left her—no, no ! if she had done that I should n't have forgiven her to my last day, long as I might have lived—but upon what she earned with her needle, working birds and flowers upon bits of satin, that they sent to London for her to be sold. And she was at it late and early, as they told me, till her hour was near ; and then she had n't strength, but used to sit all day at her window, where she could see my wicket, and watch me as I went in and out to my work. I don't know which was worst off in those days, for I had broke with my sweetheart, for all she promised that my sister's shame should never alter her love for me, and I well knew that she'd keep her word ; but though her mother said the same, she did n't say it in the same tone, and I saw she was pleased to have it over ; and, disgraced as I was, I had my pride still, and stood firm. So I was glad when Mary took service in the market-town, and went away.

"Well, sir, the time came, and Amy had a son ; but she never looked up again, and in three months she died. They came to tell me just at dusk, when I had come home from work, worn out body and soul, and I had n't even strength to be thankful. The next day the baby was gone too, and then I felt happier than I had been for a long while. It had been a poor sickly infant from its birth, for the mother had fretted, and they'd

pined away together. I put on my hat and turned into the churchyard. I walked first to those two graves yonder, and pulled out a weed or two that had come with the last rains; and then I looked carefully about me. I did n't search long for what I wanted; and when I got to that corner where she lies, I paced the ground carefully, as close to the wall as I could with safety, till I found in how little space I could bury her; and then, when the day of her funeral came, I got up at daybreak and began my task. Nobody came near me; they knew that I could n't bear it then. And so I worked on alone, with the drizzling rain mixing with the cold sweat upon my forehead and chest, till I had dug a grave of ten foot deep. I wanted to bury her shame in the very bowels of the earth. Hers is the deepest grave in the whole churchyard except *his*. And, squire as he was," pursued the old man, with another of those savage smiles which formed so frightful a contrast with his usually placid expression, "I had my way there, too, when he came here in his turn.

"The people she had lived with followed her funeral, and I stood a good way off and looked on, (for I had got a friend to do my duty for me,) till the crowd left the churchyard; and then he followed 'em as I'd asked him, and I was left alone beside her grave. I could see the coffin plainly, for they'd only thrown a couple of spits of soil upon it. It was a pauper's coffin, sir, without a name or a date, but with the pauper brand instead, for she would have it so, and I had n't cared to interfere. But now, when I looked down at it, I thought my very heart would break. There was only that coarse plank between me and the thin, pale girl that lay there with her baby in her arms, and I could n't bear to lose sight of it; so I sat beside her till near sunset, thinking of all that was past, and how things had come to this after all my hopes and prayers. But at last I took up my spade, and an hour before nightfall I had filled in the grave, and buried my own heart with her.

"Don't fancy that I fretted though it was so. I loved her dearly, even when I would n't see her in her agony nor on her deathbed; but she'd deceived and disgraced me, and I felt as if I'd buried the little Amy who'd grown up beside me till she found a prouder home; and that the Miss Saunders—for they called her so, sir, through the whole country side to the very day of her death—that the Miss Saunders, who'd gone wrong, and been the shame of the village where she was born, and where her parents lay buried, was living yet to blight an honest name, and cheat a true heart that had trusted to her. So, sir, when, on going home, I found that she'd left another thick letter for me, I put it away with the rest in a box where I had locked up my poor mother's wedding-ring, meaning to give it to Amy when she should marry in her turn; and I tried to forget that I had ever had a sister. But it would n't do; and though I got over the first two years, and used to feel glad when I looked towards her grave and saw that it could n't be seen for the nettles that had grown up about it, I gave way at last. And so, one Sabbath evening, when I was sitting in my desolate cottage, I could contain myself no longer, but going to the little box, I brought it to the table, and pulling the candle closer, I read all the letters, leaving the thick one to the last. I never knew what torture was after that night, sir; all that I'd gone through before was nothing. Every one of

'em had been written with her heart's blood! And how she loved me, and how she prayed that she might die in my arms, that she might feel sure of pardon in the next world! But all this was nothing yet. I had read through all but one, for I spent the whole night over 'em, and read some of 'em two or three times over—them especially that made me feel what a wicked, unnatural wretch I'd been to her, and how I'd sinned against my mother's solemn bidding; and then, when all the rest laid open before me, I began upon the last. That was the real blow, sir! Out fell a marriage-certificate that would have cheated me, though I'd seen so many of 'em, all signed and dated, and the names of Richard Darcourt and Amy Saunders fairly written out. I thought my heart would have burst for joy, and I was obliged to lay it down to take a drink of water; but I was n't long before I took it up again, and after I'd satisfied myself that I was n't out of my senses, I picked up another letter that had dropped out along with it. I had n't seen the writing before; and no wonder, for it was a letter from Mr. Darcourt to tell her that their wedding had been a sham, and that parson and clerk were both friends of his that had joined him in the frolic—yes, sir, that was the word—the *frolic* that was to break a poor girl's heart, and to turn her only relation into a savage. But even this was n't all: no, no—there was more to come yet. He went on to tell her that when he warned her to keep the secret till his sister's grand husband was out of the country, as he would surely take offence and she would bring trouble into the family, and not even to tell me for fear I should make it known, and to let the governess go before a word was said; she might have been sure that he meant her no good, and so she'd only herself and her silly pride to blame, and not him, who could n't be expected to marry a girl whose father and brother had made their living by digging graves, but that he'd advise her to make the best of it and turn her learning to account; and he hoped she'd leave the village, which could n't be pleasant to neither of them, for he was going to London to be married in earnest, and should soon bring his wife down to the hall."

The old man's voice had sunk almost into a whisper before it ceased; but, after the silence of a moment, he clasped his hands convulsively together, and looking up eagerly in my face, gasped out,—

"Amy was innocent, was n't she, sir?"

"As innocent as an angel!" I replied solemnly, as I lifted my hat, in order to give force to my words.

One long sob of happiness gushed from the lips of the old man as he buried his face in his spread hands for an instant. "She was! she was!" he murmured beneath his breath. "The parson said so when he read the letters; and all the village said so, when he went round to their cottages and told 'em how happy they must be that had never insulted her in her sorrow. And now you, sir—you, a stranger, and, belike, as great a man as Squire Darcourt himself—you say so too; and I feel as if my old heart had grown young again on purpose to bless you!"

"But tell me, my good friend," I said, anxious to check this exultation, so dangerous to a man of his age, "what said Amy herself in that last letter?"

"Not a word, sir," replied the sexton, hoarsely, as his head again drooped under the weight of his

remorseful memories ; " not a word ! What could she say, poor lamb, that she had n't said in all the rest ! Do you know what I did when the first ray of light came through my window ! I ran like a madman to her grave and tore up the nettles by the roots, as I would have torn her pure body from the spot where I myself had laid it to carry it to the feet of our parents, that she might sleep near 'em as she should have done, had I dared to commit such a fearful sin as to disturb the dead. And then I began to dream of vengeance ; the big house and the proud squire did n't frighten me at such a time as that ; and I can't say into what wickedness I should have fell if the temptation had n't been spared me. We were all expecting the squire and his London wife, and no one watched for 'em as I did, when instead of a marriage-feast we soon had a funeral sermon. He reaped what he had sowed, sir. When he got to London the lady quarrelled with him about some matter or another. I don't rightly know what, for I did n't hear ; but I've often thought that mayhap she'd heard of my poor Amy : and so the wedding was at an end. And the squire, as I've told you before, was proud and passionate, and he had n't patience to bear with such a disappointment as this. And so he flew into a rage and said uncivil things, and got turned out of the house. Upon which he started from London with four horses to his coach, and a couple of young sparks as hot-headed as he was ; and a frightful life they led on the road all the way to the hall, if his own man's to be believed, drinking and swearing, and kicking up rows in all the places where they stopped to change horses, till, within two posts of Thornhollow, there 's the squire three parts drunk, who swears he 'll mount the leaders and take 'em into the hall himself ; when, just as he comes to

the Witch's Punch-Bowl, the horse he 's on shies, and as he was n't steady enough to keep his seat, off he pitched over his head, and one of the wheels went over his body. They picked him up quick enough, as you may believe, but he was quite stunned ; and when he came to himself he insisted on coming on here, that he might have his spree out, as he said. And so he had, sir—so he had ; for the wine and brandy that he'd drank had fevered his blood, and what with that and his hurt, and the jolting over the roads after his fall, it flew to his head, and he was mad four hours after. Then he began to talk as it was awful to hear, and to call for Amy, and, after a time, for me. They could n't bring Amy to his bed, for she was lying in that he'd prepared for her himself ; but they sent for me, and I was glad of it. My work was done to my hands, and I wanted to see the end of him. I've told you how he died, sir ; and then came the funeral. And when the vault was opened, the parson wanted to lay him between his father and mother, where there was just room for him. But I settled that business with my pick-axe ; and though I worked like an ox I did n't grudge my labor, for I hampered up the space till the coffin could n't be forced in," said the old man, with another of his wild smiles ; " and so they were obliged to lay him at their feet where he ought to be, only that the place was too good for him."

We were both silent for a few moments ; and then the old man said, with a serenity which only extreme age can so suddenly restore—" May I make bold to ask, sir, what 's o'clock !"

" Half-past four, my friend."

" You don't say so ! and my work little more than half done ! Good a'ternoon to you, sir."

THE BACHELOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS SNUFF-BOX.

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

ERE yet hath sounded celibacy's knell,
Ere yet the marriage peal hath rung for me,
Long-cherish'd object, loved, alas ! too well ;
My snuff-box, let me sigh farewell to thee ;
Sigh, do I say ! perhaps it should be sneeze ;
But time, that dries the fountain of our tears,
Blunts too our nasal sensibilities :
Ah ! I have not sneez'd now these many years.
'Tis hard for old companions but to part,
What must it be to cut them, then, for aye !
As I must thee, thou snuff-box of my heart,
Because to-morrow is my wedding-day.
I've vow'd no more to use thee. Ask not why :
I'm told I must not do so ; that 's enough ;
For Mary Anne declares that she shall die,
If e'er she sees me take a pinch of snuff.
Then go, my box ; but, first, my thanks accept
For many a notion—now and then, a hit—
Which in this noddle would perchance have slept,
Hadst thou not put me up to snuff a bit.
And oh ! yet more for many a service when
Vex'd, disappointed, savage, thou for me
Philosophy hast strengthen'd with Etenne,
And furnish'd consolation in Rappee.
Friend at a pinch—excuse the ancient pun—
Farewell ! my single life will soon be o'er :

With thee, forever, must I now have done ;
Ah ! may I never want thee any more !

Punch.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has just published a ukase ordering all the Jews in Russia to place themselves, before January 1, 1850, in one of the four following classes : 1. Amongst the burghesses of a town, by the purchase of a piece of land or a house. 2. In one of the three corporations of traders. 3. In a corporation of artisans, after having given the proofs of ability required by law ; and 4. In the grand body of tillers of the earth, whether on their own property or under another owner. Such Jews as have not placed themselves by the appointed time in one of the four classes are to be subjected to such restrictive measures as the government may think fit to employ.

THE Official Gazette of Wilna publishes an article on the decrees of the Emperor of Russia respecting the Jews in his empire, which places the question in a different light from that in which it has been viewed by some of the German journals. It is asserted that the object of the Emperor is to introduce a spirit of industry into that class of his subjects, to devote themselves to commerce and agriculture, for which end he promises relief from the laws of exclusion and the taxation peculiar to them, and gives them until the year 1850 to embrace his views, after which those who refuse to obey his injunctions will be subjected to the measures of severity which he is now anxious to avoid.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON
CRUSOE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year—(but no—I claim the privilege of an unmarried woman, and will not set down the date)—in the city of Westminster. My father was a foreigner of Heligoland, who settled first at Sheerness. He made a good estate by dealing in slops, which he profitably sold to the sailors; and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards in Westminster. Here it was he married my mother, whose name was Robinson, whose ancestor was the famous Jack Robinson, of whom is still retained a popular proverb, relating to rapidity of expression.

Being the third daughter, and, unlike my two sisters, single—and my father having impoverished himself by bestowing two large dowries, leaving nothing for me excepting at his death—I had little hopes of marrying in England, or, in other words, of bettering my fortune. I therefore resolved to cross the seas. I had read of several young ladies who, with no money, and very small trunks indeed—and with hardly beauty enough to make any man in England turn back to look at them—had married general officers and rajahs in India. I had heard, and with the easy confidence of youth believed the story, that such was the demand for young-lady-wives in the East Indies, that the black men's boats that brought off cocoa-nuts and yams to the ship, on her dropping anchor, also brought off gentlemen covered with diamonds, and provided with wedding-rings. In many instances, the ship carrying a parson, the ceremony was immediately performed in the captain's cabin; and the happy couple on landing, immediately started five hundred miles up the country to spend the honeymoon. With these thoughts haunting me all day, I dreamt of nothing at nights but palanquins and elephants, and a husband continually giving me diamonds and pearls as big as swan's eggs.

And when I recollected the education my parents had given me—with all the advantages of the Blackheath finishing-school—I had no cause for despair. I could play at least six tunes upon the grand piano: I had worked a melon in Berlin wool so naturally, that my dear aunt fainted, as she declared, at the smell of it. I could dance, sing, and speak the very best Italian for—India. My father, seeing me constantly poring over the ship advertisements in the *Times*, guessed my intentions. One day he was confined to his room, having dined the day before at Blackwall. He sent for me, and expostulated with me on what he foresaw was my determination.

"My child," he said, "do you not perceive that you are born in the happiest state—that is, in the middle state of life? Consider how much grief, either way, you escape, by such a fortune. I will suppose you an earl's daughter—in time, to be married to a duke. Reflect upon the drudgery that would then await you. Compelled to be always playing a part; obliged, on all state occasions, to go and mob it at court; to stand behind stalls at fancy fairs; to be trundled about in a carriage, leaving bits of pasteboard from house to house; and, worse than all, if your husband should be a cabinet minister, to be obliged, every other month, to be nothing more than a court lady's maid, with this difference—that you're allowed to wear your own diamonds, and now and then permitted to see a follower. On the other hand, you

might have made shirts at fivepence apiece, and bound shoes at a farthing a pair. Whereas, you hold the happy middle state of life; a state that peeresses would jump out of their ermine tippets to fall into."

After this he pressed me not to think of leaving home: and further, promised that he would look about him for a husband for me—a steady, respectable young man of my own condition. But I had my head too full of rajahs and elephants to put up with steadiness and respectability. My mother, too, often scolded me, and rated my father for sending me to that finishing-school. "I always said what would come of it," she cried, "when I heard that the girls, before they went to balls and concerts, always swallowed *eau-de-cologne* upon lump sugar to make their eyes twinkle—I always prophesied how she'd turn out, and so it's come to pass."

Thus rebuked, I suffered a year to pass away in silence. One day, however, being at Gravesend, eating shrimps upon the pier, six beautiful East Indiamen, in full sail, passed down the river. The tears came into my eyes, and my smothered resolution burst anew into a flame. I resolved, without loss of time, to take my passage for the East. I returned to London; but, instead of going straight home, I went to the Docks, where I accosted a Captain Biscuit, of the ship *Ramo Samee*, of I don't know how many tons. Observing that as he passed his tobacco over his tongue, he looked suspiciously at my youthful appearance, I assured him that I had been married at fifteen, in India, that the climate disagreeing with my only child, a lovely boy, I had brought him to England, to remain with his grandmother, and was now only too anxious to rejoin my beloved husband at Budherapore. When I spoke of my husband, the quick eye of the captain glanced at my left hand; happily, as I wore gloves, he could not observe that no ring was on my finger. Instructed, however, by this accident, on my way home I purchased a ring at a pawnbroker's in the Minories; purchased it with a fervent hope that, sooner or later, the ring would be found to be of more than money's value. I ought, however, to state that I took my passage with the captain, the number of my cabin, 20. For this I was to pay seventy pounds. I paid him—for I always managed to have money about me—twenty pounds in advance. "What name!" said he; "Mrs. Biggleswade," said I; and I saw him write down, "Mrs. Biggleswade, cabin 20," on the list.

As for three years past I had determined upon this step, I had saved nearly all the money allowed me by my dear father for pocket money and clothes. And as, moreover, I made it always a point of being lucky at cards, I found myself mistress of a hundred and fifty sovereign pieces. "Now," thought I, "if my outfit even costs me fifty pounds, I shall have, passage and all paid, thirty pounds left; money, I thought, more than sufficient, even though a husband should not come off in the boat with the cocoa-nuts and yams, to marry me in the captain's cabin."

All my thoughts were now bent upon my outfit. With this purpose, I used to steal out morning after morning to make my purchases; having them all sent to the house of a good woman—she had been our cook, and had married a green-grocer—to keep for me for the appointed time. I laid in six dozen of double-scented lavender; a dozen of the finest milk of roses; twenty pounds of the best pearl powder; a gross of court-plaster; six ounces of

musk; a quart of oil of bergamotte; two boxes of rouge, and—not to weary the reader—a hundred of the like articles, indispensable to a young gentlewoman.

I next visited Madame Crinoline's, and entirely cleared the dear creature's window of her whole stock of petticoats, etcetera, of horsehair. I had heard that birds were caught with horse-hair; and why not—in the skittishness of my heart I thought—why not husbands! Besides this—as I had heard much of the effects of Indian fevers—I bought myself three sets of curls, brown, dark brown, and auburn. To capture in an engagement, I thought it was lawful to use any colors.

My outfit completed, I awaited, with beating heart, the 10th of May. On that day the *Ramo Samce* was to drop down to Gravesend. On that day I left home, telling my dear father that I was going with some fashionable acquaintances to the exhibition of a sweet little love of a child with two heads and twelve toes. I hurried with my faithful friend to Gravesend. She went on board the ship with me; and, before the captain, kissed me and bade me farewell, as her dear daughter.

We weighed anchor; the breeze freshened, and I went below, with some natural thoughts about my native land and my band-boxes.—*Punch*.

A NEW NAVAL DRAMA.—THEATRE ROYAL, WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA.

"Smoking has been forbidden in Britain's navy.
Tars and Englishmen! up and rally round.
Fitz-Brick's new Drama.

THE SEAMAN'S PIPE! OR, THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."

ACT I.—A SEAMAN'S LOYALTY.

The scene represents the village green, the village church in the midst; on the left, Dame Rosemary's cottage.

Enter Susan, Tom Clewline, and villagers from the church. Screw from opposite side.

Tom. Yes, lads, old Tom Clewline's spliced at last; hauled up high and dry, hey, Suky, my lass! Come into dock like an old sea-dog, after twenty years' battling with the ocean and the enemy; and laid up in ordinary in Susan's arms.

Screw. Fiends! Perdition! A thousand furies and demons! married! but I know of a revenge.

[Exit.]

Tom. And now, lads, what next, before the supper's ready?

All. The hornpipe; Tom's hornpipe!

Tom. Well, then, here goes.

[Tom dances the well-known truly British figure. While dancing the hornpipe, reënter Screw, with a press-gang, consisting of a young Midshipman (Miss Tibbits) and four sailors, with battle-swords in their girdles.]

Screw. (After the encore of the hornpipe) There's your man!

[Press-gang draw cutlasses and advance.]

Tom. What! on my wedding-day! After twenty years' service—after saving the lives of nine admirals, and scuttling four-and-twenty men-of-war! Dash! it is hard! is n't it, Susan! And for that snivelling traitor there (turning fiercely upon Screw)—but never mind; a British tar does n't trample upon worms; a British seaman knows his duty to his king. What ship, sir?

Mids. The *Blazes*, Captain Chainshot, with Admiral Chainshot's flag to the fore.

Tom. I know his honor well. I cut him out of a shark at Jamakay. Bless you, bless you, Susan, lass!

Susan. Farewell, dearest; here is your bundle. Here is the bacco-bag I worked for you, and here is your pipe.

Screw. Ha, ha! put it in your mouth and smoke it.

[General Tableau.—National Air.—Press-gang wave their cutlasses—Peasantry in groups—Tom tears himself from Susan—Susan faints.]

ACT II.—The Breeze.

SCENE I.—*The Quarter-deck of the "Blazes" off Tobago. The American ship "Gouger" lies N. N. E. by S. W. in the offing.*

1 American officer. A tarnation neat frigate this!

2 American officer. And a pretty crew; and yet I calculate the old *Gouger* would chaw her up in twenty minutes if she were placed alongside of her.

Captain Bowie. Silence, gents! we are hurting the feelings of yonder honest seaman at the wheel.

Tom. Belay, belay, there, noble captain; jaw away and never mind me. Chaw up the *Blazes*, indeed!

[He hitches up his pantaloons.]

Captain. (To Tom, mysteriously, having given a signal to his officers, who retire up the mizen mast.) You seem a gallant fellow, and, by the cut of your foretop, an old sea-dog.

Tom. Twenty-five years man and boy. Twenty-nine general hactions, fourteen shipwrecks, ninety-six wounds in the sarvice of my country—that's all, your honor.

Captain. Ha! Try this cigar, my gallant fellow.—(They smoke on the quarter-deck; the American captain expectorates a great deal.)—So much bravery, and a seaman still! Some few faults, I suppose? a little fond of the can, hey? There's a power of rum on board the *Gouger*.

Tom. No, no, Captain, I don't care for rum, and the bos'ns cat and my shoulders was never acquainted. 'T is the fortune of war, look you.

Captain. Look at me! Thomas Clewline. I'm a Commodore of the United States navy; I've a swab on each shoulder, a seat in the senate, and twenty thousand dollars a year. I'm an Englishman like you, and twenty years ago was a common seaman like you. Hark ye—but ho! the British Admiral.

[Walks away.]

Admiral Chainshot. Captain Chainshot, you must read out the order about smoking, to the ship's crew.

Captain Chainshot. Ay, ay, sir.

Adm. To begin with Tom Clewline, at the helm there. Tom! you saved my life fourteen times, and have received ninety-four wounds in the service of—

Tom. Ninety-six, your honor. Does your honor remember my cutting you out of the shark, in Jamaiky harbor?

Adm. I was swimming—

Tom. Up comes a great shark—

Adm. Open goes his jaws, with ninety-nine rows of double teeth—

Tom. My gallant captain sucked in like a horange—

Adm. But Tom Clewline, seeing him from the main-top gallant—

Tom. Jumps into the sea, cutlass in hand—

Adm. Cuts open the shark's jaws just as they were closing—

Tom. And lets out his captain

Adm. My friend!

Tom. My Admiral! [*They dance the hornpipe. Sailors gather round, smoking; the American officers look on with envious countenances.*]

Adm. But Tom, I've bad news for you, my boy. The admiralty has forbidden smoking on board—all smoking, except in the galley.

Tom. What! tell that to the marines, your honor—forbid a sailor his pipe. Why, my pipe was given me by my Syousan. When I'm smoking that pipe, on the lonely watch, I think of my Syousan; and her blessed blue eyes shine out from the backy—

(The British seaman may be accommodated to any length in this style.)

Only smoke in the galley! Why, your honor, the black cook's so fat that there's scarce room for more than two seamen at a time—and that the only place for a whole ship's crew!

Crew. Hum! hum! wo-wo-wo-wo. [*They make the usual strange noise indicative of dissent.*]

Capt. A mutiny! a mutiny!

Adm. Silence, men! Respect your queen and country. Each man fling down his pipe!

[*They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.*]

Adm. My heart bleeds for my brave fellows! Now, Captain Bowie, your gig's alongside, and I wish you a good day. You will tell your government that a British seaman knows his duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Sunset—Moonlight—Six bells—Midnight.—Tom still at the wheel.

Tom. No—no, but I would n't, I could n't break Syousan's pipe—my pretty little pipe—my pretty Syousan's last gift! part with you! No, not if I were to die for it. (*He puts it in his mouth.*)

Captain (coming unperceived out of the binnacle.) Ha! smoking!—You shall have five hundred lashes, as sure as my name's Chainshot. Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment.

(*Exit Captain.*)

Tom. What! flog me? flog Tom Clewline? No, dash it, never. Farewell, admiral! Farewell, my country! Syousan, Syousan!

[*Jumps overboard.*]

Cries of "A man overboard! He's swimming to the American frigate; she's standing out to sea!" &c.

[*This is a beautiful scene. The "Gouger" with all her canvass set, her bowlines gaffed, and her maintop-halyards reefed N. S. by S. N., stands out of the harbor, and passes under the bows of the "Blazes." Distant music of "Yankee-doodle." Tom is seen coming up the side of the ship.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The main-deck, U. S. line-of-battle ship "Virginia," Commodore ——. In the offing, the "Blazes" is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.

Susan. But, my love, would you fight against your country!

Commodore. Syousan! go below to the gun-room. The deck is no place for woman, at an hour like this. (*Exit Susan.*) How's the wind, Master!

Master. North-south by east.

Commodore. Ease her head a little, Mr. Brace; and cluff her gib a point or so. How's the enemy, Mr. Brace!

Master. Gaining on us, sir; gaining on us, at ten knots an hour. I make her out to be the old *Blazes*, sir, in which we sailed.

Commodore. Hush! The *Blazes*, ha! And I must meet my countrymen face to face, sword in hand, stern to stern, and poop to poop! Who would ever have thought that I—I should fight against my country!

Master. My country's where I can get backy.

Commodore. You are right, Brace; you are right. Why did they cut off our backy, and make mutineers of our men? We'll do our duty by the stars and stripes; eh, gentlemen! and will show Britons how Britons can fight. Are the men at their guns, Lieutenant Bang!

Lieut. Ay, ay, sir; but I think there's something would give 'em courage.

Commodore. What! grog, is it!

Lieut. No, sir; the national hornpipe. (*Commodore dances the hornpipe.*) And now, all things being ready, let the action begin, and strike up "Yankee Doodle."

[*The "Blazes" luffs up with her head across the bows of the "Virginia." Boarders follow Chainshot. Terrific rush of the British, headed by the Captain, who clews the main-deck and lee-scuppers of the enemy. Yankee Rally. Combat between the Commodore and the Captain. Chainshot falls: the British crew fling down their arms.*]

Adm. My son! My son! Ah, this would not have happened if Tom Clewline had been by my side.

Commodore. HE IS HERE! (*Opening his cloak and showing the American star and epaulettes.*) Tom Clewline, whom your savage laws made a deserter—Tom Clewline, to whom his native country grudged even his backy—is now Commodore Clewline, of the American Navy. (*Takes off his hat.*)

Adm. Commodore—I am your prisoner. Take the old man's sword.

Commodore. Wear it, sir; but remember this: Drive not loyal souls to desperation. GIVE THE SEAMAN BACK HIS BACKY, or, if you refuse, you will have thousands deserting from your navy, like Tom Clewline.

Susan. And if our kyind friends will give us their approval, we will endeavor to show, that as long as the British navy endures, and the boat-swain has his pipe, 't is cryouel, 't is unjust, unkyind to deny his to the seaman!

Punch.

[*Curtain drops.*]

BENTICK'S "SUDDEN THOUGHT."—Lord George Bentick has accused Sir Robert of "hunting Canning to death;" this accusation was made, too, after nineteen years' cordial intimacy between the lord and the homicidal baronet. Lord George surely meant to parody Canning's speech in *The Rovers*:—"A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal hatred."